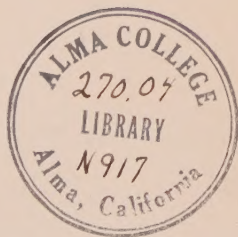


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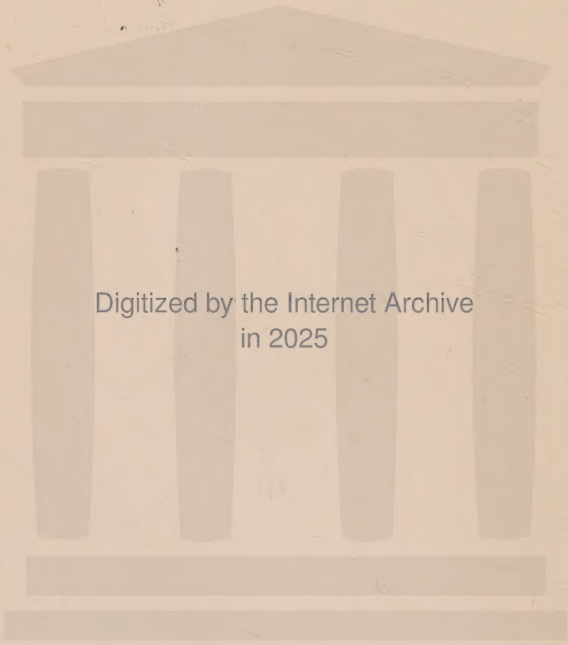
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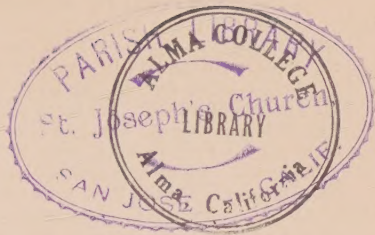
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CARDINAL MANNING.

[The following memoir has been compiled in consequence of a desire that has been expressed in many quarters that a life of Cardinal Manning should find a place in the Biographical Series of the Catholic Truth Society's publications. It is almost entirely compiled from three sources: the Catholic Truth Society's shilling Biography by Dr. J. R. Gasquet; the memoir by Father Morris, S.J., printed as an appendix to Dr. Gasquet's book; and the sketch by Mr. Kegan Paul, prefixed to the *Temperance Speeches of Cardinal Manning*, also published by the Truth Society, price one shilling. Those who desire a fuller account of the life and labours of him who has been called "The People's Cardinal" are referred to one or both of the volumes mentioned.]

HENRY EDWARD MANNING was born in 1808, and he died in 1892, holding the highest honours possible to any English ecclesiastic, being a Cardinal, a Prince of the Church, and Archbishop of Westminster. The span of his long life was almost exactly divided into the days of his Protestantism and Catholicism, as he became a Catholic in 1851.

He was educated at Harrow, where he was a successful cricket player, but not considered to be of any great intellectual promise; his schoolfellows remembered his good looks and that they had called him "The General," which, as school nicknames so often do, hit on a characteristic, and marked him out as born to command. This was soon noticed at Oxford also, where he at once made a name in the Debating Society, since so well known as "The Union," nurse of so many famous speakers then and later. At Oxford, where he entered at Balliol College, he worked harder than he had done at school. His father, a large West Indian proprietor, had sustained serious losses in business through the passing of the anti-slavery act; Mr. Manning's friendship with Mr. Wilberforce was not, however, diminished in consequence. Henry Manning's energies were stimulated by these losses to so great an extent that he

took high honours, and obtained a Fellowship at Merton College. Before obtaining this position he had been given a clerkship in the Colonial Office, but he held it a very short time. It was not long before the inward promptings to a higher life appealed to him with ever-increasing force; and they were not disregarded.

He first opened his mind on the subject of entering the Christian ministry to his brother-in-law, Mr. Anderdon, in the summer of 1831, when they were turning over a sermon of Wesley's in a book-shop where they had taken shelter from a storm of rain. On 26th September of the same year, he wrote to Mr. Anderdon a long letter which shows how deeply he was stirred by the thought of this vocation. He was filled with fear lest he should prove unworthy, and also, lest he might be the victim of self-deception, "and thus be taken in a double toil." How greatly he was moved may be judged from the conclusion of this letter: "Make it your duty to keep me straight as far as man may minister to man. Impress on me the conviction I already entertain. Study to confirm my views. Speak openly your judgement." His conception of a clerical vocation was evidently far above the ordinary ideal of the Establishment at that time. To him, it implied a life of renunciation and perfection, since he wrote to ask his friend if the words of our Lord, "Go, sell all that thou hast . . . and come, follow Me," were not of binding force to him.

Mr. Manning returned to Oxford, early in 1832, was elected a Fellow of Merton, and read for Orders. In Advent of the same year he was ordained, and preached his first sermon on Christmas Day in Cuddesdon Church. Shortly after his ordination, he acted as curate of the parish of Lavington-with-Graffham, during the illness of the rector, the Rev. John Sargent. On this gentleman's death, he was presented to the living by Mrs. Sargent, the late incumbent's mother, in May, 1833 *, and on the 7th of November in the same year he married Caroline, the third daughter of his predecessor. By

* Mr. Manning was already connected with the Sargents, his father's first wife being Mrs. Sargent's aunt.

his marriage he became related to Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, who had married the eldest Miss Sargent. Mrs. Manning died, leaving no children, while her husband was still thirty years of age.

Lavington was in all respects an ideal parish. The Cardinal's own description of it after he had left it is too beautiful to be passed over, though it has been so often quoted. In *England and Christendom*, p. 124, he writes: "I loved the parish church of my childhood, and the college chapel of my youth, and the little church under a green hill-side, where the morning and evening prayers, and the music of the English Bible for seventeen years, became a part of my soul. Nothing is more beautiful in the natural order, and if there were no eternal world I could have made it my home." Manning began to interest himself almost from the first in matters which reached beyond the bounds of his parish, and in one especially, which showed what was to be a main interest in him up to the very end—the condition of the labouring poor. The state of the agricultural labourer, though far from satisfactory even now, was then, and was to be for the next thirty years, a scandal and disgrace. Till the movement began which is associated with the name of Mr. Joseph Arch, the labourer as a rule toiled all his working days for insufficient wages, and fell back in his old age on parish relief.

The Labourers' Union agitation raised wages on an average two shillings a week, while the actual necessities of life had grown cheaper. But what Mr. Manning then learned of the economic state of the labourer in Sussex, and the pity he conceived for the disheartened recipient of insufficient wages, bore fruit when, as Archbishop of Westminster, he had to grapple with the problems of the poor in our great cities, with want caused by drink, and with the strike of the dock labourers.

Becoming known also as a very remarkable preacher, he was called beyond the bounds of his parish to discuss ecclesiastical polity at the Archdeacon's Visitation at Chichester Cathedral, in sermons, and in published letters on education and on the appointment

of an Ecclesiastical Commission. In all this he showed his strong view of the need of organization, and of the submission to antiquity—both, though he saw it not while some others did, helping him on his way to his goal. In January, 1841, when he had already become a well-known man, he was appointed Archdeacon of Chichester.

At the age of thirty-three, Archdeacon Manning found for the first time full scope for his powers. He had, as the world says, "the ball at his feet," and the way was open for him to the highest prizes of the Anglican Church. The grace and beauty of his person, the eloquence of even his ordinary conversation, and the charm of his manner, were merely the setting of the gem within. That most acute observer, Bishop Philpotts of Exeter, did but express the opinion of all who knew the Archdeacon, when he said: "There are three men to whom the country has mainly to look, in the coming years,—Manning in the Church, Gladstone in the State, and Hope (Mr. Hope-Scott) in the Law."

The only requisite to success in life which he might be thought not to have, was the desire for honours and position. One who impressed those about him as singularly self-sacrificing and devout, was unlikely to be prompted by that personal ambition without which men can seldom climb to eminence; and his declining the office of Sub-almoner to the Queen (which was offered him in 1845) as an act of self-denial to obtain of God the virtue of humility, shows that such ambition was foreign to him. Many persons who had no knowledge of him, and even some who might have known him better, have found no difficulty at all in answering the question they have set themselves. With a readiness born of hasty judgement and imperfect observation of human nature, they easily decided that one only motive was enough to explain all Archdeacon Manning's public life. Ambition, they said, led to the distinction of his early life at the University; ambition made him leave the Colonial Office for the Church; ambition was the main-spring of his action as a clergyman and

preacher; ambition, baulked of its reward, was the cause of his leaving the Anglican body, and becoming a Catholic.

Any such simple explanation of the life of so complex a being as man, stands self-condemned as entirely inadequate; but it may be at once admitted that the future Cardinal was ambitious, did well to be ambitious, and would not have been the great servant of God and man that he was, if he had not been ambitious. The truth is, that ambition, as the word is now commonly used, is in itself neither a good nor a bad quality, but becomes the one or the other according to its motive and its plan of action. Every person endowed with great practical powers must be conscious of possessing them, and must strive for opportunities of exerting them. It could not be otherwise. The man of great parts, who suffers them to go to waste from timidity, or sloth, has had his doom pronounced in the parable of the unprofitable servant, who buried in the earth the talent entrusted to him. If the consciousness of great gifts is accompanied by a humble reference of them to the Giver; if the desire to find scope for them is free from unworthy and selfish motives, or other base alloy; if the results—honours, influence, and the praise of men—are valued only as means towards still greater service;—then, indeed, ambition becomes one of the highest and noblest of virtues.

It is probable that the new Archdeacon had at this time no shadow of a doubt that the position he held was not absolutely satisfactory. The Church of England seemed to him the old historic Church, from which the Reformers had removed certain corruptions and abuses. He desired to extend that Church in its exact form to our colonies; he was greatly exercised at the state in which the members of the Church of England on the Continent were placed in regard to their religious wants; he recognized that at home there was needed a great awakening. Yet he had never been closely associated with the Tractarian movement at Oxford; there was even on some points, and those not unimportant, a real antagonism between him and

the Oxford party; he was considered a safe man, not what Newman called "viewy;" his holy and self-denying life impressed itself on those who were far from him in doctrine; his fellow Archdeacon, Hare, who would a few years after have been styled an advanced Broad Churchman, called him a "truly wise and holy man, zealous, devoted, self-sacrificing, and gentle." That he was forced by his position into the stir of specially ecclesiastical thought did not turn him aside from social questions, as is shown by a remarkable letter he published in the year of the Irish famine in 1847. That was indeed a time when the sufferings of Ireland stirred all classes, but Manning discussed not only the immediate problem, but spoke of poverty in the kingdom in general, of the miserable wages of English labourers, and the terrible contrasts of poverty and riches. He was at heart a democrat, and a democrat has no true home in the Church of England. Yet he might have gone on for years without recognizing the falsity of his position, had it not been that a doctrine which he had never doubted, and which seemed to be an integral part of Anglican theology, was rudely assailed, and declared by legal authority not to be held as of necessity of Anglican divines. That which broke the snare and delivered Archdeacon Manning is known as the Gorham Controversy.

It is quite needless to go at length into the views held by Mr. Gorham himself: enough to say that he did not hold those held by the Catholic Church, which are also those of all High Churchmen among Anglicans. Whether, asserting other doctrines, Mr. Gorham might hold a living, was the matter tried by the Privy Council, and given in Mr. Gorham's favour. Many men who remained in the Church of England were deeply distressed at this decision, but persuaded themselves that if their own opinions were tolerated they might remain with consistency; while Allies, Manning, Hope-Scott and others considered that a Church whose teaching was at the mercy of a lay tribunal, whose bishops made no protest, could no longer deserve their allegiance. On Passion Sunday, 1851, Archdeacon

Manning made his submission to the Catholic Faith in the church of the Jesuits, in Farm Street, so turning his back on all the honours for which the acclamation of those who knew him had designated him. Newman, Pusey, Keble, had also been marked 'men for high honours, but Manning had never wholly identified himself with them; he was on the high road to great preferment, and he made, as all knew, a great and noble sacrifice for conscience' sake.

In that same church in Farm Street Fr. Manning said his first Mass on June 16th of the same year, only ten weeks after he became a Catholic. The exceeding rapidity with which the priesthood was conferred is remarkable for two reasons; it shows that the new convert had never, from the first, any hesitation about his vocation; he desired to gain, as soon as possible, authority for those functions and duties which in all good faith he had thought to have performed for years past, and it shows also the confidence so sound and sober a man as Cardinal Wiseman had in the prudence of one in many ways so unlike himself, but equally devoted to the See of Peter, equally convinced of the only source of authority. It is sometimes said that each convert from Protestantism needs looking after for five years before he or she can run alone; it is certain that at that time certain converts were imprudent and impetuous, but Manning was wise, wary, and discreet, so as to justify, in the face of adverse criticism, the trust reposed in him.

Proceeding to Rome at the end of the year of his reception into the Church, Fr. Manning laid the foundation of a close and increasing intimacy with Pius IX., who was to co-operate with him on so many important occasions. The first of these was the introduction into England of the Oblates of St. Charles, a Congregation in some respects like that of the Oratory introduced by Cardinal Newman, but with the essential difference that the Oblates of St. Charles are intended to be the special henchmen of the Bishop in each diocese wherein they are established, and not as other Congregations, subject only to the Holy Father, or, as the

Orders, to the Holy Father and each to its own General. In the summer of 1857 Dr. Manning took up his residence in Bayswater, with the community which he had founded.

For the next eight years his life was twofold. He was the superior of a religious family, as well as a hard-working parish priest. A very touching account of his character as superior was given shortly after his death, by one of the few who would be competent to speak,—the Rev. Dr. Butler. “It is far too soon,” he said “for those who have lived under the powerful sway of his personal influence to turn and reflect on that influence so as to give an account of it, and to analyze its workings. . . . The charm will not die gradually away, because the secret of so holy a power upon our lives, of so holy a light penetrating and shining through our minds, was the breath of God’s Holy Spirit, the same Divine Comforter ever present in the true pastors of God’s flock, who made the disciples of St. Paul so love him, that, falling upon his neck, they kissed him, grieving most of all because of that word that they should see his face no more.”

At the beginning of 1860, the question of the Temporal Power of the Holy See having entered on a critical phase, Dr. Manning in three lectures afterwards put together in a small volume, addressed himself to demonstrating its Divine origin, its necessity for the full and free exercise of the functions of the Holy See, and, finally, the logical and historical dependence of the civil order of Christendom on the Papal Sovereignty. He was confident that “the day will come when prince and people, nations and their statesmen, will recognize in the Temporal Power of the Holy See a Divine provision for the maintenance and order of the Christian world, and will return to us as . . . the only preservation against the rising tide of revolution” (*The Temporal Power*, lect. iii.). Nor, though he lived nearly a quarter of a century after the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government, did he ever waver in his confidence that the Temporal Power would one day be restored. His views on this subject changed con-

siderably very soon after the Italian usurpation. It was a change, not of object, but of the means of carrying that object out. Like most men of practical genius he was wont to lose no time in regrets which he thought useless, but set himself to look for some other means of obtaining the end he had at heart. The only effect of the lapse of time was to convince him more and more that that restoration was to be looked for, not so much by the intervention of States from without as by the spontaneous action of the Italians and especially of the people of Rome. From the beginning of the strife he had foreseen likelihood of such a termination, and believed that it would be now, as it had been on former occasions, when "the very hands which drove the Pope away from Rome restored him to it."

When Dr. Manning was on a visit to Rome in 1860, Pius IX. conferred on him the dignity of Protonotary Apostolic, the highest grade of the prelacy, carrying with it the right to pontificate on certain occasions—a privilege he hardly ever exercised.

From the time of his taking up his abode at Bayswater until he succeeded to the Archbishopric, he occupied a foremost place in the life of the Church in London. When, in 1861, Cardinal Wiseman established in his diocese a branch of the Roman Accademia, to study and illustrate the relations of science, art, and literature to the Church, he appointed Dr. Manning to be its head, and deputed him to read the inaugural address which he himself was prevented by illness from delivering in person. In 1862, when the *Dublin Review* was re-organized by Cardinal Wiseman, and Dr. Ward was induced to accept the editorship, Dr. Manning was named as one of the three theological assessors to whom Dr. Ward was to submit anything which he might think required censorship. From this time until almost the end of his life he was an occasional contributor to its pages; one of his most touching and graceful articles being a notice of Father Faber, in 1864. Nor did he entirely neglect the field of controversy, though he publicly intervened much less often than might have been expected. But in 1864 he departed from his

usual reticence and published three letters,—afterwards incorporated in *England and Christendom*,—to point the moral he had formerly drawn from the Gorham case, and to apply it to the still more obvious proof of the entire dependence of Anglicanism on the law, afforded by the decision on the *Essays and Reviews*.

In 1865 Cardinal Wiseman died, consoled in his last hours by the presence of Dr. Manning, who had returned from Rome in haste on hearing of the Cardinal's illness.

Every one knows that Archbishop Errington was once Cardinal Wiseman's Coadjutor with right of succession. That the Cardinal should have asked for him to fill an office that brought them into such mutual dependence, was a singular proof that, learned, large-minded, large-hearted as he was, Cardinal Wiseman knew little of human nature. They had been close friends who had never agreed together on anything. Dr. Errington, much against his will, was taken from the See of Plymouth to be the Cardinal's Coadjutor, and the two Prelates were so unlike that it was simply impossible that one should become the *alter ego* of the other. Dr. Errington, who then was made Archbishop of Trebizond with the right of succeeding to Westminster, was a warm-hearted, affectionate man in the heart that was hidden away, but in the outer man he was unyielding and severe. At any rate these two great and excellent men viewed almost all practical details in a different way, and the close co-operation between them that their official relation required, was impossible. It is not in the least to be wondered at that Cardinal Wiseman should have pressed the Pope to remove his Coadjutor, and at last it was done. The Pope did it, not as a judicial, but as a paternal act; and Catholics could not but be edified when they saw Archbishop Errington subside into a parish priest in the Isle of Man or a professor at Prior Park. If he was ever hard on others, he was harder on himself; and if he was zealous and unyielding out of season as well as in season, it was for law and for right, for the Church and for God.

When Dr. Errington was named Coadjutor, the

Chapter had voted for him; and when the See was vacant on Cardinal Wiseman's death, they voted for him again. The Chapter presents three names to the Holy See on such occasions, and the two other Bishops whose names went up with Dr. Errington's wrote to the Pope to ask that he might be appointed. Practically thus no choice was left to the Pope, and that was a position that Archbishop Errington's friends were hardly wise in creating. On similar occasions the Pope has sometimes called for another list of names; on this he took the choice into his hands. In any case the name of Provost Manning stood so high everywhere that it could not fail to come before the mind of the Pope. The man whom Cardinal Wiseman regarded as sure to be his successor, was one to whom many hearts turned as the man of God sent to meet a great crisis and to fill the loftiest station amongst us. So thought Pius IX., and setting aside the names presented by the Chapter of Westminster, as indeed on various other occasions the Chapter names have been set aside, the Pope made Mgr. Provost Manning Archbishop.

It was intimated to him that if he went to Rome the Pope would consecrate him with his own hand; but at the same time he was told that it was the opinion of the Holy Father that it would do more good in England if his consecration took place in London. He was consecrated in Moorfields by Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, the sermon being preached by Dr. Amherst, Bishop of Northampton. The sermon was on the Office of the Holy Ghost, and Archbishop Manning listened to it with the keenest interest, and spoke of it afterwards with high praise, for it treated of the devotion of his predilection. The consecration was on the 8th of June, and if Cardinal Wiseman had lived to that day, he intended to have invited all the bishops of England to celebrate it with solemnity in that very Church of Moorfields, for it would have been the silver jubilee of his episcopate. The bishops were there, but it was to assist at the consecration of his successor.

At the desire of the Holy Father, the Archbishop went to Rome to receive the Pallium, returning to England in the autumn, to be enthroned at the Pro-Cathedral on 8th November. One of the first matters claiming his attention, even before his consecration, was to preside at a meeting to raise a memorial of his predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman. It had been already determined that this should take the form of a Cathedral for Westminster. The Archbishop cordially associated himself with the project, and subscribed towards it a thousand pounds. At the same time he took occasion to bring forward a work which he felt to be of much greater urgency, and this was providing for the education of the poor Catholic children of London, and removing them from the non-Catholic influences which surrounded them. This work, in one way or another, was destined to have the first claim upon his energies and labours during the whole of his long pontificate, and, under his fostering hand, it gradually attained proportions that, when he first undertook it, he could not have foreseen. His first care was to establish orphanages for children without Catholic relatives or friends, the number of whom he estimated at 20,000. Twenty-five years later, in a Lenten Pastoral Letter, he was able to announce that the poor children of his diocese were provided for as follow: (1) 23,599 were on the books of the parochial schools: (2) after a long struggle, thirty-three Metropolitan Boards of Guardians had been brought to follow, slowly and reluctantly, the example of the Strand Union, and, between 1868 and 1889 had transferred the 10,000 workhouse Catholic children to Catholic schools: (3) while, in the homes for both sexes in the diocese, 4,542 children had been entirely provided for during the same period.

In 1868, the Archbishop was able to secure a site for the future Cathedral in Westminster; but before any house, even for his own use, could be erected, he was enabled to purchase a building that had been provided as an "Institute" for the Guards, and which will always be connected with his memory under the name of "Archbishop's House." Thither he moved from York

Place, in March, 1873, having thus provided ample accommodation for the work of the See. Later on, he was enabled to secure a much better site for the Cathedral; but he could not do more himself, and was glad to let the ground be used as a playground by the poor children of a Soldiers' Home near by. He was greatly touched by these little ones bringing him a nosegay on his birthday as a token of their gratitude.

During this period of his episcopate, Archbishop Manning began his struggle with the evil of drunkenness,—a successful struggle which only ended with his life. In 1866 he appointed a Committee, which recommended the formation of a Temperance Society, binding to total abstinence only those who had given themselves over to the habit of drunkenness. A little thought showed him, and others who had begun in the same way, that this would never do. Such a plan is to make all those who sign the pledge write themselves down as, at least, potential drunkards, and draw a hard and fast line between the virtuous and vicious. In 1867, he endeavoured to bring about a "Truce of St. Patrick," and a promise from men and women not to enter a public house on Saturdays or Sundays. In 1871 he spoke in support of the Permissive Bill, and in 1872 he took the final plunge and signed the Temperance Pledge. He did this on the only true ground for every moderate man, that he had no right to ask a man to do that which he was not ready to do himself. By the very fact of his asking an assembly of working men in Southwark to be total abstainers, which was to them a matter of great and serious mortification of the flesh, he was bound to do that which was to him no serious difficulty, but only the renunciation of a trivial luxury. Had it been much more, he would have been bound to carry it through, on the principle that St. Paul adopted, who was ready to eat no meat while the world stood, if it caused scandal to his brethren.

The next step was to establish the Temperance League of the Cross for Catholics, a great and living organization, most vigorous during the Cardinal's vigour, now, perhaps, in a degree, languishing for lack

of personal adhesion from those who wish it well. Yet if bishops and priests would once more take up the work with all their heart, it would go far to sweep away drunkenness from Catholic homes, at the price of an infinitesimal modicum of self-denial from those who help the cause. In his eightieth year the Cardinal used these words: "I have for years, I say it openly and boldly, been a fool for Christ's sake in the matter of intoxicating drink, and so I hope to die."

Archbishop Manning was one of the five hundred bishops who assembled in 1867 to take part in celebrating the eighteenth centenary of SS. Peter and Paul; and was therefore present when Pope Pius IX. announced his intention to convoke a General Council. The Archbishop intuitively recognized that a precise definition of Papal Infallibility, although not included among the subjects at first propounded for consideration, would inevitably come within the scope of the Council. Never since his reception into the Church had the slightest doubt of the truth of this dogma crossed his mind, and he was convinced that the time had come for its definition.

"To him,"—as the Bishop of Newport and Menevia said, in, his profound and eloquent sermon at the Cardinal's Requiem,—“the Vicar of Christ's Infallibility, when addressing the Universal Church on faith or morals, was the logical outcome of the Redeemer's promise that against her the gates of hell should never prevail.” This logical consistency was fully recognized at the time by such impartial judges as some of the English newspapers. The *Times*, for instance, took “an honest pride in contemplating the straightforward course of our own countryman.” The Archbishop, who held strongly not only the opportuneness, but the urgent need for the definition, was intensely anxious until the question was decided. His three Pastoral Letters afterwards put together under the title *Petri Privilegium*, did much towards removing prejudices and misconceptions. His sermons did still more; but he saw from the first that the principal field of conflict would not be in this country.

He left for Rome in the autumn of 1869, arrived there by the time of the opening of the Council on 8th December, and was at once put on the Committee "De Fide," which had to do with questions of dogma. To this committee, in March, 1870, was referred the question of Papal Infallibility, which at once became the chief matter under discussion. At the end of May, the Archbishop addressed the Committee on the subject, in a speech which produced a great effect. After an exhaustive discussion, the Decree passed the whole Council on the 18th of July,—the day before the breaking out of the Franco-German War.

Besides this main question, the Council also decided several other points; such as the evidences of the existence of God, and the text and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. In all of these questions the Archbishop took a very considerable part, and his knowledge of non-Catholics was of essential service. To him, however, the definition of the Infallibility was the matter of primary importance, and he regarded his share in it as the greatest privilege of his life. On the day before his death, when making his profession of faith before the assembled Canons, he repeated with especial clearness and emphasis the clause declaring his acceptance of the Vatican Decrees.

In 1878, he wrote "The True Story of the Vatican Council," in the *Nineteenth Century*, in reply to certain incorrect statements that had obtained credence. Since then, non-Catholics seem to have abandoned the attack, so that it need only be remarked that the Archbishop's account is fully confirmed by all that has been subsequently published. A more indirect, but more serious attack had been made four years before. Mr. Gladstone, on being driven from office in 1874, put out a pamphlet to show that Catholics who accepted the Vatican Decrees could not be loyal citizens. The Archbishop at once protested in the papers, and shortly after published a more detailed reply. Here, again, we need not stir the embers of a controversy which has long since died out, Mr. Gladstone himself withdrawing the charges he had made. The controversy has

left one enduring legacy to us—it has enriched our Catholic literature with Dr. Newman's *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*.

In the beginning of 1875, the Archbishop was summoned to Rome to receive the scarlet. He left London on 4th March, accompanied by his nephew, the Rev. William Manning, and remained in Rome until the end of the month. In the Consistory held on the 15th he was created Cardinal; the formal announcement being made to him at the English College, where he was staying. His reply to it perfectly expressed the feelings he had already manifested to his most intimate friends, in regard to the office of the Cardinalate—"It is truly an honour," he said, "to be associated with the Sacred Council immediately around the Vicar of our Lord, and to share his lot in good and evil. Indeed, I would rather this dignity fell on me, as it does, in the time of danger than the time of safety. It is, as it were, being told off to a forlorn hope in the sight of the world, but it is a forlorn hope which is certain of victory. I feel that your presence here this day is a representation of England, and that your kindness to me proceeds from love to England."

After this he returned at once to England, continuing the same manner of life as before his elevation. Even his autumnal holidays were occupied in public speaking and preaching, so that the only breaks in his labour were his visits to Rome.

In November, 1887, the Cardinal left England to fulfil one of his canonical visits *ad limina Apostolorum* but was taken ill in Paris, and would have returned to England if he had not been advised from Rome that the health of Pius IX. was visibly declining, and that it would be well for him to prosecute his journey without delay. He arrived at Rome on the 22nd of December, and found the Holy Father on what proved to be his death-bed. The Sovereign Pontiff lingered for six weeks, dying on 7th February of the next year. During all that time, the Cardinal had the inexpressible happiness of watching constantly by the sick bed of one who was Master and Father as well as his dearest

friend. "No subject," he afterwards told his clergy, "of his manifold and great anxieties was even spoken of; no business, however slight, was ever introduced I had the happiness of conversing with him only on such thoughts and things as were consoling and cheerful and free from anxious care." He very rarely spoke of the personal loss to himself that the death of Pius IX. must have been, but there can be no doubt that he recognized it as irreparable. He had reached an age at which new friendships are hardly possible. Much happiness may be derived by one in Cardinal Manning's position from the parental relations of a bishop to his flock, and of a great shepherd of souls towards those whom he rescued from a life of sin, or led from the darkness without into the noonday brightness of the Church, and of such happiness he must have enjoyed a share much larger than falls to the lot of most pastors; but the mutual sympathy which is the basis of friendship, needs a freedom of intercourse which is hardly possible between superior or inferior, and a length of time which is denied to the aged.

After the election of Leo XIII., Cardinal Manning had the happiness of finding many of his most cherished convictions stated with authority in the series of Encyclicals for which the present pontificate will be distinguished. In particular, the joy is still remembered with which he welcomed the Brief "*Sæpe numero*," of which he foresaw the happy effect in stimulating Catholics to the accurate study of history. Still more important is his relation to the Encyclical on the Conditions of Labour. The Bishop of Newport, who speaks in this case with the highest authority, said in his funeral eulogy, that this Encyclical "owes something, beyond all doubt, to the counsels of Cardinal Manning. And there is one sentence in that letter, which, if not his in form, most certainly expresses his conviction: 'There is a dictate of Nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man—that the remuneration of the wage-earner must be enough to support him in reasonable and frugal comfort.'"

No attempt can here be made to give even the barest account of the Cardinal's multifarious labours, or to the happy influence which resulted from his large-hearted sympathy with every beneficent movement throughout the Empire. This may be said to have begun with his joining the upholders of total abstinence, and to have been fully established in 1871, when he took part in the Mansion House Committee for relieving the distress in Paris that followed the Franco-German war.

The barrier having been removed which, ever since he had been a Catholic, had excluded him from public life, he took the earliest opportunity to manifest what would be his attitude in regard to social questions. At a meeting of the Prisons' Congress, of which he was chairman, in 1872, he said: "Outside the circle and pale of that one subject (religion), I know of no other relating to our political, our public, our social, our industrial welfare, in which it is not in my power to work with the same energy, and the same entire devotion, of heart and feeling, as any other man in England." One of the earliest movements with which he associated himself deserves special mention, as showing how consistently his sympathies had always been engaged in the service of the poor, during the seventeen years of his life at Lavington. At a meeting on behalf of the agricultural labourers, he said that he "knew them and their children, as well as he knew their scanty means of subsistence."

All his life he actively co-operated with every movement which aimed at the alleviation of social hardship or injustice; but, not only this, the limitless and thorny waste scanned by the wistful eye of his far-reaching charity is indicated by his "Pleading for the Worthless," an article which he wrote in the *Nineteenth Century*, 1888, and which testified to the depth of his sympathy with the "submerged," a class of which he could have no previous knowledge, and who might seem to have been unlikely to claim the special interest of one so refined and sensitive, had not his charity outweighed every other thought.

The means by which he laboured for the elevation

of the poor were as various as the objects aimed at. We find him serving on two Royal Commissions, taking part in public meetings almost innumerable, addressing workpeople in West End shops, or East End open air meetings, assisting by his counsel and encouragement the projectors of new ways of relieving distress, and mediating between employers and employed. But even his great mental and physical vigour could not have sufficed for the herculean task he undertook after having passed the ordinary span of human life had not his previous experience been in great measure a preparation for it. From his early years he had been familiar with the conduct of public business, the routine of meetings, and the organization of societies; he had personally known most of the great orators of his time, and had watched the effects of their speeches and debates. More than this, he had himself tasted the *gaudia certaminis*, the delights of convincing or persuading an audience, and of wrestling in argument with his equals. All this made what is so laborious to most Englishmen, perfectly easy to him.

His political opinions were closely connected with his social desires and aims. They have been represented as ranging from Radicalism to Socialism; but the truth is that his politics,—like those of most men who are not professional politicians,—could hardly be expressed by any one term. In particular, there was mingled with his Liberal aspirations a strong vein of Conservative feeling. The same has been remarked of other English public men; for instance, of such a notable Radical as Cobbett. The statesmen whom he would himself have mentioned as the fittest example of this combination of seemingly opposed tendencies, would probably have been Canning, whose great reputation, in the days of the Cardinal's youth, threw every other into shadow.

During Lord Beaconsfield's last administration there was a *rapprochement* between him and Cardinal Manning, which was broken by the terms in which the Prime Minister appealed to the country. It is well known that the Cardinal did not agree with the first Home

Rule Bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone, preferring the plan advocated by several of the dissentient members of the Liberty party; his chief objection to Mr. Gladstone's measure being the withdrawal of the Irish Members from the Imperial Parliament. On the other hand, he may in one sense be said to have been a Home Ruler before Home Rule. His views on the subject dated from the Irish Disestablishment, and were greatly confirmed by the failure of Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill in 1873. From that time, he advocated a large measure of autonomy for each of the three kingdoms which make up Great Britain and Ireland. Much of what he then sought to provide for was secured for England and Scotland by the County Councils Bill, which he spoke of as the most important piece of internal legislation since the Reform Bill of 1832. Towards the end of his life, an autonomy of the three kingdoms was in his mind, part of a great scheme of Imperial Federation, to include the colonies as well as the mother-country, and to provide for systematic emigration, and other means of meeting the ever-pressing problem, how to deal with the unemployed at home.

The celebration of Cardinal Manning's "Silver Jubilee,"—the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopal consecration—is the chief incident of his old age. All the marks of sympathy and appreciation which came from so many quarters were most grateful to him. None, however, gave him more pleasure than the congratulations of his brethren in the episcopate, and the address presented to him by the clergy and laity of his own diocese; and his reply to the latter was, of course, most full of his personal feelings. In acknowledging the £7,500 that accompanied the address, he said that he destined part of the sum to secure the comfort of those who had made his labours possible by their faithful service; another part was intended for the repair of his titular church at Rome, San Gregorio; and the remainder was to be devoted to diocesan purposes. He ended by saying: "As I am rendering in all likelihood my last account to you, I will say two things: first, that

I have never consciously or willing wounded any man ; secondly, that in many cases I have been bound by duty to act, not as my personal will, but as my office compelled me. The three works on which my heart has been set, have been the education of our children, the saving of our people by the Holy Sacraments, and the rearing and multiplication of priests true to their Divine Master. What little in these duties has been begun, my successor will, I hope, complete. . . . Much has passed through my hands in these five and twenty years. Nothing has stayed under this roof ; all has gone into the work which has been entrusted to me. My desire is to die, as a priest ought, without money and without debts."

The money presented to him by the Trade Societies he set aside for endowing a bed in the London Hospital, to be called—as has been well said, "somewhat infelicitously,"—"the Thames bed." But the congratulations which he most prized were conveyed to him by Cardinal Lavigerie in the following words: "Our great and good Leo XIII. charges me to convey to you, as a token of the share he desires to take in your episcopal Jubilee, the large gold medal which I forward. I cannot now repeat to you, without offending your modesty, all the assurances of confidence and esteem with which the Vicar of Jesus Christ was pleased to accompany this mark of his paternal affection."

These labours, and the ever-increasing number of persons who sought the Cardinal's advice on their private concerns, might have been thought enough to absorb completely any time that could be spared from his diocesan and ecclesiastical business. Yet he never seemed hurried ; and gave his attention to each person who came before him as clearly and readily as if he had no other care in the world.

This power of instantly concentrating his attention in any direction he wished, made it possible for him to continue his practices of mental and vocal prayer in the midst of all his occupations. He recited punctually the whole Divine Office until within a few days of his death ; and, it is believed, hardly ever availed himself of the

permission to anticipate or postpone any part of it. In like manner he said Mass daily, until within the last few weeks of his life, and ever with that rapt attention and devotion which seemed to open out fresh meanings in the words of the Sacred Liturgy, and to show forth to the hearers a loftier ideal of the Adorable Sacrifice than any they had known before.

Advancing years dealt very tenderly with the Cardinal. With the exception of deafness, which had grown upon him so slowly since middle life that he hardly realized its degree, he passed the term of threescore and ten before he showed any sign of old age. For some two years before his death he almost ceased to go out of doors; but this, and his precautions to keep his rooms warm and free from draughts, were to the last the only signs of the care required by the aged. His last appearance in public was when he opened the Conference organized by the Catholic Truth Society at Westminster in 1891, in which he took an especial interest. Before the formal re-establishment of the Society his approval was obtained for what then appeared a somewhat doubtful experiment, and this approval he continued to manifest to the end. The yearly and half yearly meetings were held, at his express wish, at Archbishop's House, and on many of these occasions the Cardinal presided.

He passed through the unusually severe winter of 1890-1891 without any serious illness, and was the sole inmate of his house who, in the earlier part of the next winter, did not suffer from the unhealthiness of the season. On the 9th January, he felt the signs of what appeared to be nothing more than a feverish cold, no worse than many he had experience before, and it required some persuasion to induce him to remain in bed next day. On the 11th, he was seriously ill, bronchitis, or rather, broncho-pneumonia, having developed; but he retained so much of his ordinary vigour, and was so free from discomfort, that every one hoped for his recovery. On the morning of the 13th the bronchitis had increased, and there were signs of heart-failure. It was, therefore, judged expedient to

administer the Last Sacraments, and to allow him to make the usual profession of faith before the Chapter of the Archdiocese. This touching ceremony, and his saying farewell to the assembled Canons, fatigued him considerably, and an hour later he expressed himself as very tired; from this time, too, he had made up his mind that he was going to die, saying, in reply to some protest: "I have laid down the yoke;—I am at the end of life."

From that time, his only occupation was preparation for the great change which he knew to be so imminent. He joined with great devotion in the prayers recited at his bedside, principally by the Bishop of Salford. Apparently he was most touched by the beautiful prayer of St. Jerome Emilian: "Sweetest Jesus, be not to me a judge but a Saviour." Meanwhile, the difficulty of breathing increased. At six, he was evidently weaker, and the Bishop of Salford recited the Prayers for the Dying. A little later, he spoke for the last time, but so inarticulately that his meaning could not be understood. About seven o'clock the Bishop told him that he was going to offer the Holy Sacrifice for him. He clearly understood, and bowed his head in token of his thanks. A little before eight he failed rapidly; Canon Johnson came up and read the last prayers: and he passed away a few minutes after eight, so quietly and peacefully that the precise moment when he ceased to breathe could not be determined with any certainty. This was on the 14th of January, 1892.

Any biography of the great and illustrious of this world would be incomplete without some account of the pomp and ceremony with which they are laid in the grave. Nor is there any lack of material for describing the last funeral rites of Cardinal Manning. On the contrary, the difficulty would be to choose among so many instances of the sympathy of every class and creed. It was to be expected that all who are of the household of the faith should be united in grief at a common loss—from Leo XIII., who exclaimed when told of the Cardinal's death: "A great light has been extinguished,"—to the humblest of the Cardinal's flock.

These, to the number of some twenty thousand daily, went to pray besides his remains, while he lay in state: but it was without example in the history of the Church in England since the reformation that non-Catholics of every shade, Anglicans and Nonconformists should associate themselves with Catholics in their mourning for the head of the Church in this country.

To those who have known him, and to all who came under his influence, he has a memorial of himself, nobler and more enduring than gorgeous ceremonial or graven monument. Even the Roman of old, in one of the most touching passages in heathen literature, took comfort in the fact that though no statue or portrait of the kinsman he mourned was much more lasting than the form it strove to represent, the real likeness of the immortal soul consisted in imitating the virtues of him whose visible presence had passed away. "Whatever we have loved, whatever we have admired in him, remains with us still, and will ever remain in the hearts and good report of men." Shall Christians, who have known and loved him, and who owe him so much, be behindhand in fashioning in their hearts an everlasting memorial of their spiritual father and friend?



Ven. Edward Oldcorne, S.J.*

BY THE REV. JOHN G. MACLEOD, S.J.

THE history of the ministry, capture, and death of Father Oldcorne, presents to us a striking instance of a martyrdom from which the plea of political necessity was wholly absent, to give it the slightest colour of justification. So far from being a schemer or plotter in any sense, or one who went up and down the country disseminating views of any sort, Father Oldcorne was ever a plain and simple missionary, his labours being carried on for many years in one locality, very retired and removed from all disturbing influences. Every attempt to bring home to him complicity with what is called the Gunpowder Plot signally failed, and the few points on which he was examined gave only fresh evidence to his entire ignorance of the real nature or extent of the treasonable designs supposed to be hatching, until he learnt the fact from the general report that was spread throughout the length and breadth of the land. When pressed to give his opinion as to what he himself thought of the designs of the con-

* For the details of this article we are indebted to Brother Foley's *Records*, largely compiled by him from Father Henry More's *History of the English Province S.J.*, from the writings of Father Matthias Tanner, and from the still more copious narrative of Father Bartoli. Much information also regarding Father Oldcorne may be gathered from Father Gerard's *Life* and his *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, as published by Father Morris in his *Condition of Catholics under James I.*

spiracy, his answer that he could truly say nothing concerning it, but must remit the whole affair to God and the consciences of the conspirators, as he knew nothing of the reasons or motives by which its designers had been moved to undertake it, left his judges the only option of sending him to Worcester for further trial. As nothing could even then be proved in evidence that he had sinned either against the law or the king, he was most illegally and unjustly condemned to death simply for being a priest and a Jesuit, well known to have gained many souls to the Catholic faith.

Father Edward Oldcorne was for many years connected with the Worcestershire district, and thus belonged to the Residence of St. George, a title which embraced also the county of Warwick. The following brief record of the state of the College at this period will fittingly introduce our sketch of Father Oldcorne's own life and martyrdom.

"St. George" was one of the original residences founded by Father Richard Blount, the first Superior of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. It dates from about the year 1633, and amongst the several missions which it comprised were Cooksey, Evesham, Grafton Manor, Hanley Castle, Henlip Castle, Kidderminster, Redditch, Spetchley Park, Weston, and Worcester. Of these and others the principal centres apparently were Worcester, Grafton Manor, and Henlip. In this residence, as also throughout the Province, the loss of valuable documents, either discovered and carried off or else purposely destroyed through precaution, unfortunately deprives us of the chief sources of information. The average annual number of Fathers resident in the district until the year 1677 seems to have been about eight; the lowest, six. Amongst these the most celebrated missionaries were Fathers Robert Persons, Henry Garnet, John Gerard, and Edward Oldcorne, whose labours commenced before England was erected into a Province of the Society, in 1623.

The Catholics of St. George's Residence, and especially of Worcester and its neighbourhood, had

their share in the cruel persecutions of those times. The laity and clergy assembled at the houses of the Catholic nobility and gentry, which contained what may be called "domestic churches," none other being allowed. There they worshipped in private with as little show as possible, and because many noble Catholic families resided in the county of Worcester, it happened that the faithful frequently resorted to it. Among these from the commencement were the families of Abington of Henlip, Winter of Huddington, Lyttleton of Hazley, Shelley, Catesby, Rochs, Lovelace and Stamford; and a little later on, Berkeley of Spetchley and Worcester, Hornyold of Blackmore Park, Berington, Baynham of Pursall, Williams of Malvern, besides others, may be added to their names.

An Ancient Editor's Note-Book, (Oscott College MSS.) narrates how at Worcester, in 1588, "two old priests and two laymen had been for two years past often brought to the bar at the assize time, and being once asked by Marwood, the Judge, why they would not come to church, one answered stoutly, 'Because we know God's service is not there.' 'Whose service, then?' said the Judge. 'Look ye to that,' quoth the priest. Whereupon he commanded bolts to be laid upon them, and all that day to keep them fast in the stocks." In the same year William Brestock had his house violently assaulted by pursuivants, and his wife stricken down to the ground; and when he went to her assistance he was himself seized and pinioned, and so carried off to Worcester gaol, on Good Friday. After he and Mr. William Heath, nephew to the Archbishop of York, had endured much in prison for three or four years, they both died in confinement.

During the year 1635, in the missions of Worcester-shire, the fruits of the labours of the Fathers were again more plentiful, and the converts to the Faith more numerous. A school was opened at Mr. Levison's residence, about two miles from Wolverhampton, which probably drew together scholars from some distance; and information of this proceeding having been con-

veyed to the Council, a pursuivant was sent armed with a warrant to have it searched. No timely notice having been received, the school was broken up, though the work of educating was carried on in another locality two years afterwards. Harvington Hall, near Kidderminster, deserves especial mention here as having been a fine old brick mansion, with tall chimneys which arrested the eye, and with curious hiding-places formed within its interior construction which carefully shunned observation, one of these being skilfully contrived under the staircase, a portion of which when lifted up like a trap-door revealed the secret chamber and old pallet beneath. In the times we treat of this was the seat of the Pakington family, being in possession of Humphrey, or his father, John Pakington, both rigid Protestants. Lady Mary Yate, daughter of the former, became a Catholic about the time of her marriage, and came into possession of the Hall, August 6, 1631.

In 1639 the Catholics throughout Worcestershire enjoyed a more favourable opportunity of hearing Mass and frequenting the sacraments than perhaps anywhere else in England. Hence, later on, we are told that very few persons had abandoned the Faith, while an unusual number of Protestants were reconciled to the Church. The search for priests and Jesuits was still very strictly maintained, as witnessed by the interesting report of a Parliamentary pursuivant describing his search of Little Malvern Court. This seat of the Russells, and now of the Berington family, was a favourite city of refuge for persecuted priests. The position of one or two "hiding-holes" in the roof is even now pointed out, and they were probably the ingenious contrivance of the Martyr, Brother Nicholas Owen, who was well acquainted with these parts. About the same period two Catholic schoolmasters opened public schools, at which several Protestant children attended, while some Catholic women kept similar schools for girls, and though the faithful were treated with wonderful leniency in this county, both

Catholics and Protestants marvelled at their boldness. The zealous missionary to whom these exertions were greatly owing was Father Brooks, who is said to have resided at Grafton Manor, near Bromsgrove, in 1639, and to have died at Worcester some years after. This mission of Grafton appears to have received into affiliation other smaller and less ancient missions, such as Badgecote, the property of the Wintour family, near Bromsgrove; Cooksey, that of Dame Helen Wintour; and Pursall Hall, in the same neighbourhood. The old Manor was itself destroyed by fire in 1710. The parish of Hanley Castle, near Malvern, gave birth to a zealous priest in the person of Father Thomas Weedon. The English Province appears to have had an unbroken connection with this locality for upwards of two hundred and fifty years, until the retirement, a few years ago, of the late Rev. Henry Campbell from the active duties of the mission, on account of his advanced age.

The direction which we have followed leads us round the country naturally towards Henlip Castle, the scene of Father Oldcorne's labours and trials, and a few words will be now acceptable in description of an asylum which he knew so well, and which is so associated with his sufferings and adventures.

This castle, as the concealed headquarters for Worcester and the surrounding country, formed probably the most ancient of all the English missions, at least its history can be more satisfactorily traced through its individual missionaries, and its memory is especially deserving of being held in veneration. The old mansion was built by John Abington, cofferer to Queen Elizabeth, according, as has been stated, to plans supplied by Little John (Brother Nicholas Owen), with a view to its serving as a hiding place for priests. It is situated about three miles from the city of Worcester, stands on an elevated position, and for size and design must have presented a striking object to the eye. The old building was remarkable for the number and security of the concealed spaces which it contained, and these are frequently

referred to and described in the history of the searches made by pursuivants, and especially of the capture of Father Garnet and Father Oldcorne, and of Brother Ralph Ashley. In form the castle was four-square, and was for the most part surrounded by a strong wall. It was divided into different domiciles, which opened into each other along corresponding galleries, so that several times the pursuivants entering alone to search the building and losing their way amongst its many winding corridors, became desperate. Being a Tudor house of considerable extent, its every room almost had a recess, a passage, a trap-door, or secret stairs; the walls were in many places hollow, the ceilings false, several chimneys had double flues, one for passage of the smoke, the second for concealment of a priest, no one except those immediately concerned having key or clue to the whole maze of secrets. But the most interesting portion connected with our history lay at the top of the mansion, and consisted of a gallery running round the whole interior, the walls of which were covered with beautiful carved wainscoting. Behind this the nooks for hiding in had their entrances so cleverly contrived as to appear to be merely a part of the ordinary wall.

Father Gerard, in his narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, describes Henlip as so large and fair a house that it might be seen over a great part of the country, nay, its very size and good proportions had often caused its owner much trouble, being an eyesore to some Puritans of great wealth that were neighbours within a few miles distance. Father Bartoli expressly charges Sir Henry Bromley, of Holt Castle, the High Sheriff, with being the *terribilissimus Puritanus* who was most eager to make the mansion of Henlip and the domain of the Abingtons his own, for as it lay near to his own property, and had become in his eyes what Naboth's vineyard was to Achab, he hoped by similar schemes to obtain a like success.

Father Edward Oldcorne usually went by the name of Hall, or by the other aliases of Hutton, Parker, and Vincent. He was a native of York, and the son of

John Oldcorne, who in that city followed the humble calling of a bricklayer and tiler. Although John himself was a Protestant he had married a Catholic, who was a staunch sufferer for the faith, and of whom we find it recorded that "Elizabeth Oldcorne cometh not to the church, because she sayeth she is certified in her conscience otherwise, and that she should displease God if she should do otherwise," so she is summarily disposed of as being "old and lame, a recusant." Her husband was so far a Protestant that he is described as "one of the four sworn men against the late rebels and other evil-disposed people suspected of Papistry," yet he does not seem to have been a very fervent churchman, as he got into trouble and was fined for "coming not to the church on Sundays and holidays." Some members of the family, however, were Catholics, for Thomas Oldcorne, our martyr's uncle, and brother of John, was a prisoner for his religion, and probably died in prison, as did also Alice, his wife.

Edward Oldcorne's parents brought up their son in the Catholic faith, and during his younger years kept him at school, so that he was a good grammar scholar when he first went over beyond the seas, which was about the twenty-second year of his age. After making his earliest studies in England, he gave his mind for some time to the medical profession ; but when he had reached the age of twenty-one, he abandoned medicine and crossing over to France, first studied at the English College, Rheims, for two or three years, and from thence went to the English College, Rome, in April, 1582, where he remained for more than six years, passing through the course of higher studies, logic, philosophy, and divinity, in all of which he was successful, possessing excellent abilities. In the month of August, 1587, he received Holy Orders, and was sent into England towards the close of the following year, having been in the meantime admitted into the Society along with Father Gerard by the Rev. Father Claude Acquaviva, General of the same, upon the feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, 1588.

During the course of his studies Father Oldcorne's chief care and desire had been to profit in spirit, and this he did to the edification of the whole College. Father Gerard tells us that no one was more advanced in the practice of every mortification. He often begged leave of his superiors to visit the hospitals and to serve in the kitchen, besides other practices of humility which he knew to be usual in the Society, for he had earnestly desired to enter it long before he obtained his wish. The high opinion formed of him by his superiors is shown in their selection of him to negotiate a matter of importance for the College, the collecting of alms in the kingdom of Naples and Sicily towards the support of their scholars from England, who were far more numerous than the College funds could provide for, and whose parents at home were too seriously impoverished by fines and loss of property to supply the necessary means. Father Oldcorne acquitted himself of this charge with such fidelity and good discretion that he brought back a pretty large sum of money with him.

The few weeks of interval between his reception into the Society and his departure for England Father Oldcorne spent in the novitiate, but the Father General was so fully satisfied with the proofs he had already given of virtue and perseverance that he was willing to dispense with the usual probation of a two years' noviceship, and to accept instead as sufficient test the future trials and labours that awaited him in his dangerous mission. Father Oldcorne gave during the journey very great edification to all in his company by his religious behaviour, showing in all his actions great humility and readiness to help and assist any of them in their needs. When they came to the seaside they discovered how difficult it was to pass into England and heard of the active persecution then awaiting them, the Earl of Leicester having made a solemn vow that within a twelvemonth he would not leave one Papist in the country; but God called him out of this life within that very period. Watch and ward having been instituted by him in every seaport town on

the English coast, and even in the villages and along the roads and bye-ways, the Fathers of the College at Eu would by no means let them try the passage across. They wrote therefore to Rome for further instructions, begging at the same time that they might be permitted to go forward. The answer which they received from Father Persons was to the effect that though the times were more perilous now than when they had started from Rome, yet, since the cause was God's and their will so good as to prefer the safety of the souls of others to the safety of their own bodies, they might in the name of God proceed, but that this was left to their own choice. These letters were received with great joy, and the two Fathers, Oldcorne and Gerard, within a few days after hired a vessel wherein they embarked, thinking to have landed in the north parts of England, which seemed less disturbed. "The vessel then set sail," writes Father Gerard, from whom this narrative is taken, "with four priests on board, a goodly cargo indeed, had not my unworthiness deprived me of the crown, since all those other three suffered martyrdom for the faith.

"After crossing the Channel, as we were sailing along the English coast on the third day, my companion and I, seeing a convenient spot at which the ship's boat might easily set us on shore, we commended the matter to God and took counsel with our companions. We then ordered the vessel to anchor until dark, and in the first watch we were put ashore in the cock-boat, and left there. Then we sought some path that would lead us to the open country, but every path led us to some dwelling; we therefore turned into a neighbouring wood, where we proposed to rest during the night. But the cold and rain rendered sleep out of the question, nor did we dare speak aloud to one another, as the wood was in the neighbourhood of a house, but we deliberated in whispers whether to set out together for London, or to part company, so that if one were taken the other might escape. We ultimately determined that each should set forth by himself and take different routes. We cast lots who should first leave the wood,

and the lot fell on Father Oldcorne. After making division of what money we had, having embraced and given each other a blessing, Father Oldcorne determined to make for the sea shore, under the disguise of an English domestic servant coming from the interior, seeking for a vessel to take him to London." As he approached the port, he espied a vessel just setting sail, and so hastening his steps and making signals that he wished to embark, he was taken on board without any suspicion under his assumed garb. He strove by an air of cheerfulness to accommodate himself to the humours of the sailors, but twice or thrice he could not forbear from reproving their coarse or immoral language, though he imperilled himself by so doing, as he afterwards told Father Gerard. The two Fathers met in London according to their former appointment, and by good hap found the Superior, Father Henry Garnet, then in London. With him was Father Robert Southwell, and as Father Weston was at that time in prison at Wisbeach, the four first-named were the only missionaries at liberty in the country.

Father Oldcorne was employed for some time in London diligently labouring in the quest and salvation of souls. We are told that he was ever of a most ready wit, and did his best to adapt himself to the manners of those with whom he lived, though he was always filled with an ardent zeal in asserting and defending the Divine honour. Thus on one occasion, when in the house of a Catholic gentleman, he struck with his fist and broke into pieces a pane of stained glass representing an unbecoming subject, which he considered wholly unfit for the eyes of a virtuous family. Father Garnet after a little while took Father Oldcorne with him into Warwickshire, employing him in several missions about, and found him so useful and active that he sent him on the most difficult enterprises. At this time Mr. Richard Abington had his sister Dorothy staying with him in Henlip Castle, as she had lately left the Court of Queen Elizabeth, where she was brought up from a child. When we read that she had come into the

country expressly to drive all priests out of her brother's house, and vowed that they should never find harbour there again, we are prepared to be further told that she was a very obstinate and perverse heretic, and very troublesome to all the Catholics with whom she came in contact. Mr. Abington, hearing of Father Oldcorne's piety and skill, begged that he might be sent into Worcestershire to try what he could effect towards her conversion, seeing that the arguments and inferences of all others had utterly failed. Although the good Father was enabled within two days to soften her obstinacy in some measure, and satisfy her on many important points, she seemed more especially impressed by the earnestness of his zeal, and the prudence and learning of his answers. His victory over her doubts was complete when he added to his arguments the arms of fasting and prayer. Observing that the Father day after day abstained from all food, and persevered in his fast till he fell down from sheer exhaustion, she first was filled only with wonder, but soon casting herself at his feet she besought him with all humility to undertake the direction of her soul, lamenting bitterly over the former pride and hardness of her heart. It was this lady's reconciliation to the Church which led to Father Oldcorne's subsequent residence at Henlip for the space of sixteen years or more.

Father Gerard mentions in his autobiography an incident which must have taken place during that period, and which testifies to the sincere and earnest piety of the different missionaries, and their great care to preserve within themselves the true spirit of the Society, notwithstanding the dangers to which it exposed them. Of himself he narrates, "I used to visit my Superior (Father Garnet), several times a year, when I wished to consult him on matters of importance. Not only I, but all of us, used to resort to him twice a year to give our half-yearly account of conscience, and renew the offering of our vows to our Lord Jesus. I always remarked that the others drew great profit from this holy custom of our Society. As for myself, to

speaking my mind frankly, I never found anything do me more good, or stir up my courage more to fulfil all the duties which belong to our Institute, and are required of the workmen who till the Lord's vineyard in that country. Besides experiencing great spiritual joy from the renewal itself, I found my interior strength recruited, and a new zeal kindled within me afterwards in consequence.

"On one occasion we were all met together in the Superior's house while he yet resided in the country (in Worcestershire) and were employed in the renovation of spirit. We had had several conferences, and the Superior had given each of us some advice in private, when the question was started what we should do if the priest-hunters suddenly came upon us, seeing that there were so many of us, and there were nothing like enough hiding-places for all. We numbered then, I think, nine or ten of ours, besides other priests our friends, and some Catholics who would also have had to seek concealment. Next morning, about five o'clock, when Father Southwell was beginning Mass, and the others and myself were at meditation, I heard a bustle at the house door. Directly after, the sound of cries and oaths reached me, poured forth against the servant for refusing admittance. The fact was that four pursuivants with drawn swords were trying to break down the door and force an entrance. The faithful servant withstood them, otherwise we should have been all made prisoners. But, by this time, Father Southwell had heard the uproar, and, guessing what it meant, had at once taken off his vestments, and stripped the altar, while we strove to seek out everything belonging to us, so that there might be nothing found to betray the presence of a priest.

"While the enemy was shouting and bawling outside, and our servants were keeping the door, saying that the mistress of the house, a widow, had not yet got up, but that she was coming directly, and would give them an answer, we profited by the delay to stow away ourselves and all our baggage in a cleverly con-

trived hiding-place. At last these four leopards were let in, and raged about the house, looking everywhere, and prying into the darkest corners with candles. They took four hours over the business, but failed in their search, and only brought out the forbearances of the Catholics in suffering, and their own spite and obstinacy in seeking. At last they took themselves off, after getting paid, forsooth, for their trouble, by the suffering party, instead of by the authorities who sent them. As though it were not enough that the sufferers should endure worry but must also pay for their endurance of it. When they were gone, and were now some way off, so that there was no fear of their returning, as they sometimes do, a lady came and summoned out of the den not one but many Daniels. The hiding place was under ground, covered with water at the bottom, so that I was standing with my feet in water all the time. We had there Father Garnet, Father Southwell, and Father Oldcorne (three future martyrs), Father Stanny and myself, two secular priests, and two or three lay-gentlemen. Having thus escaped that day's danger, Father Southwell and I set off the next day together, as we had come. Father Oldcorne stayed, his dwelling or residence being at Henlip House, not far off."

Though Father Oldcorne made Henlip his headquarters for so long a period, we are not to suppose his ministrations were confined to the one family or to their visitors. His innocence of manners and affability towards all gained him universal respect, even among the Protestants, who soon regarded him as an intimate friend and relative of the family. Catholics from the neighbourhood collected together in smaller or greater numbers, according as the virulence of the persecution permitted, to hear him preach and receive the sacraments from his hands. Within a few months he converted and reconciled very many persons in Worcestershire, as Father Thomas Lister of the Society testified, where there was not a Catholic before, and established such a regular life of religion and piety in

Mr. Abington's house that ever after it became one of the most celebrated in England for the entertainment and protection of priests.

How varied and widespread throughout the county, and even beyond it, was the good work accomplished by Father Oldcorne, we have the further testimony of Father Gerard himself who writes as follows:—"It is not easy to be believed how many obstinate heretics he converted, how many weak Catholics he confirmed, how many scholars he sent over to the seminaries and religious women to monasteries, how many houses he brought to that degree of devotion that he might and did settle priests in them. He founded and governed nearly all the domestic churches in those parts, so that he was called the 'Apostle of Worcestershire.' He assisted Father Garnet also with yearly provision of money procured from his own acquaintances towards his charges and the maintenance of others, when the Society began there to increase in number. All the chiefest gentlemen and best Catholics of the country, and the counties adjoining, depended upon his advice and council, and he was indefatigable in his journeys. I neither do know nor have known any one priest in England that did go so many journeys as he did, especially towards the latter end of his time, when he grew to be acquainted in so many places and so much esteemed that he could never scarcely stay three days at home lest he should be sent for." Father Gerard has thus sketched out for us the character as well as the work of the future martyr.

Father Oldcorne's residence at Henlip was marked by three narrow escapes from arrest by the pursuivants, the narrative of which further reveals his character and mode of life. On one occasion, when making his way back from Wales in the company of some other priests, he could not reach Worcester until after the gates had been closed, and as a diligent search had been set on foot for the perpetrators of a house robbery, he and his party came under suspicion, and so were detained and

examined. When brought before a justice of the peace and asked the cause of his so late travelling, he gave a satisfactory answer, and at the instance of a simple old man, who declared that he "looked not like a house-clearer," he was dismissed, and with the rest of his company was able to reach the castle in safety. At another time, while walking with his host in the garden, and fortunately wearing only his outer cloak, the house was suddenly surrounded, and five of the High Sheriff's men passing through the open gate brought word to Mr. Abington that their master wanted to speak with him. Though left in the garden with the object of their search, he delivered himself out of their hands by a clever ruse. Coming with the searchers to the door that led from the house, and finding that some of the servants had locked it to give time for concealing all suspicious objects, he called the servants and sharply reprehended them for keeping the Queen's officers waiting outside. Then passing slowly and deliberately through, after a slight pause he closed it and hurried off to one of the hiding-places. When they had examined the house in vain, they inquired for the person whom they had seen walking in the garden, and were then told that he was a recusant, who being confined to his five miles bounds, and likely having travelled farther than his compass limited, had probably taken his horse and was gone. Finding, in fact that a gelding had been removed from the stable, they acted upon the information given, and so considered any further search useless. The third danger which he incurred was a more serious one, for the house was on that occasion beset at night, and watch and search were carried on for three days and nights, during which the wainscoting of the galleries was broken up in about twenty different places. Coming back to the part where he actually lay hid, the searchers found a shoe-lace belonging to him, and not being able to trace out any other owner for it, they returned to the spot and aimed the blows of their axe close to where he stood. After he had made the sign of the Cross and offered up a fervent prayer, they suddenly gave up

the attempt and took their departure, though not before they had eaten up all the provisions. They carried off two servants with them, as Mr. Abington himself was absent.

At the present time, when there has been so striking a renewal of favours granted through the intercession of St. Winefrid at her famous Well, it is especially interesting to read of the miraculous cure which Father Oldcorne obtained from her. Great as was his charity towards others, his severity towards himself was equally great in practising corporal austerities, besides which he applied himself rigidly to study, spending in it almost all the time that he could spare from other business. In the strain of his missionary labours he had broken a blood-vessel, and became reduced to a very low state of prostration, continuing for some eight or nine years in weak health. Although he recovered at first, he began again to spit blood, and this was followed by the formation of a cancer in the throat, so serious that the physicians declared that it was necessary to remove some parts of the roof of his mouth. The Father at once resolved to make a pilgrimage to St. Winefrid's Well, and reaching on his way the house of a Catholic where he intended to say Mass, he found amongst the relics on the altar a little stone taken from the shrine. He retired with this, and after placing and retaining it in his mouth for some little time, during which he prayed earnestly to the Saint, he found that his mouth was perfectly healed. When he arrived at the Well itself, he recovered the strength of his whole body, which he so far maintained as to be able to endure more labour and fatigue than previously. When he felt any return of his weakness, for this happened almost annually, a fresh visit to St. Winefrid's shrine always restored him completely to health.

For eighteen entire years was the martyr permitted thus to spend himself for the good of souls, until in the year 1606 a most searching inquiry was instituted to discover all possible accomplices in the Gunpowder Plot. Amongst those who attended the ministrations

of Father Oldcorne at Henlip was a Catholic gentleman of the name of Humphrey Littleton. This person having fallen into trouble for harbouring Mr. Robert Winter, one of the supposed conspirators, and seeing himself in danger of his life, treacherously sent word to the Council that he had heard a Jesuit called Oldcorne preaching in Mr. Abington's house, that the Father resided there for the most part, and that he thought Garnet also was staying there. A warrant was presently despatched to the nearest justice, Sir Henry Bromley, who at once repaired to the castle on a Sunday morning, with above a hundred men. Finding himself detained at the gates, under pretext of necessary delay in coming to answer, but really in order to give time for hiding away priests, and church stuff, and all things and persons connected with them, he caused the gates to be broken open, though they were too strong to allow of this being quickly done. Up to the last day of the week their constant examination of every part left them completely baffled, though Father Garnet and Father Oldcorne were really in the house. On Saturday the two laymen, Brothers Nicholas Owen and Ralph Ashley, who attended on the Fathers, having been obliged to shut themselves up in a hiding-hole with nothing but an apple between them as food for six days, were simply starved out. Watching, therefore, their opportunity, while the searchers were at the other end of the long gallery in front of their place of concealment, they opened and shut the door and crept along so quietly that when discovered the exact position of their hiding-place could not be detected, nor was the fact quite clear that they had been in hiding at all. They considered their own seizure to be of secondary importance, while it might possibly have the good result of satisfying the pursuivants. On the contrary, it only whetted the appetite of the latter for fresh discovery, and they began again to search with greater violence to property than before, till after other six days it pleased God to end the misery of suspense in which the two poor Fathers were kept by

permitting their detection. The pursuivants having found and entered the secret place, soon recognized Father Oldcorne, and more than suspecting the other to be Father Garnet, obtained definite information against him from one who was then a prisoner in Worcester. Sir Henry Bromley at first took the prisoners in his coach to the town, intending to place them in gaol, but afterwards relented and carried them to his own house, and then on receiving the necessary authority removed them to London along with Mr. Abington, who, though absent from home at the commencement of the search, had returned two days after.

Father Oldcorne was placed in the first instance in the Gatehouse Prison, Westminster, and from that conveyed to the Tower, and it was a few days after their confinement in the latter prison that the malicious and utterly unworthy trick was practised upon himself and Father Garnet, whereby both were persuaded they could speak to each other in perfect security through a cleft in the wall of Father Oldcorne's cell, a little above the door. This spot, by a special contrivance, admitted of their words being carried along a kind of speaking gallery to a position occupied by the keeper and another man who acted as eaves-droppers to the unsuspecting prisoners. The Fathers availed themselves of the opportunity, first to hear each other's confessions, and then naturally to discuss some details of their respective examinations in connection with the Gunpowder Plot before the Council. The two questions recorded were put by Father Oldcorne, one being whether Mr. Winter's going into Spain and his negotiations there were not laid to Father Garnet's charge; the other bearing reference to the accusation of complicity in the Gunpowder treason. To the former of these questions Father Garnet's reply was, as Father Gerard tells us in his *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, that "he could answer that well enough, for after that time he had the King's general pardon, at the time of his coming to the crown, that other business with Spain being in the reign of Queen Elizabeth." The answer

of Father Garnet to the second question was "that they did so charge him but that they could prove no such matter against him, and that no man living could touch him in that matter, except one."

This answer having been overheard, in the way already described, was carried with all speed and joy to the Council, and upon it he was carefully examined when under torture. Father Gerard narrates that "seeing his trust thus deceived and this matter discovered, Father Garnet thought it best, for divers reasons, not to stand in it any longer, but said that he would utter the matter justly as it was, that being the time wherein he might lawfully do it, and before he could not: the knowledge that he had, being a secret committed to him in confession, which the penitent did only license him to utter, to save himself from torture, but not in any other case. . . . Being then required to tell who the party was, he answered, they should see he would deal plainly with them in all things, it being now lawful to utter his knowledge therein, and said, 'the man was Father Oswald Tesimund.'" The fact that this Father was already in prison and indicted on several counts rendered it less difficult for Father Garnet to take this step, while Father Gerard closes his comments on the reasons which moved him thereto in these words: "His act, therefore, cannot justly be imputed to any frailty or imprudence in him, but rather esteemed as an argument of his care to take away jealousies from the King, who could not fear any further power or practice in Father Tesimund; to prevent troubles from Catholics; to free himself, and the other also, from opinion of any consent unto the Plot; but especially to clear all the rest of the Society from so much as the least knowledge that any such thing was intended."

Father Tesimund himself was fully exonerated by Mr. Thomas Winter, who had made confession to him, from all complicity in the Plot, when he bore testimony on the scaffold that "Whereas divers of the Fathers of the Society were accused of counseling and

furthering them in this treason, he could clear them all, and particularly Father Tesimund, from all fault and participation therein."

Three charges were made against Father Oldcorne before the Privy Council, and these were repeated in his arraignment at Worcester. First, he had invited Father Henry Garnet to seek the asylum of Henlip, although he was a denounced traitor. In the next place, he had written to Father Robert Jones, in Herefordshire, to aid in concealing two other conspirators, and had thus made himself an accomplice. In the third place, he had approved of the Plot as a good action, although it failed of success.

When called in further question about his knowledge of the treason, he preserved always the same character, being virtuous, wise, and consistent; and as in truth he knew nothing of the Plot, so did he ever maintain his absolute innocence in regard of it, and patiently endured the extreme torments which they inflicted on him five hours every day, as it has been said. His hands and fingers were benumbed, so that the merciless Wade, the lieutenant of the Tower, and rack-master, was obliged to guide the martyr's hand to sign his name. The Father himself complained of this, openly protesting against such treatment before the judges and the crowded court during his trial at Worcester, without any one contradicting him or standing up in defence of such conduct.

On the 21st March in this year, 1606, Father Oldcorne was sent from the Tower towards the county of Worcester, and Mr. Thomas Abington along with him, together with Ralph Ashley, the lay-brother. As they went through Holborn Mrs. Abington met her husband and with many tears took her leave of him, yet promised to labour earnestly with the King for his pardon. Mr. Abington wished her to be of good comfort, for he himself was not troubled; and withal wished her to put His Majesty in mind how he had suffered four years' imprisonment for his good mother, for whom also his elder brother was executed, and that himself had never un-

dutifully thought against him or his, in his life. They were all carried down to Worcester like criminals, supposed to have been guilty of most heinous treason, and their usage by the way and at their coming to Worcester answerable thereunto. It was the time of Lent Assizes, at which Mr. Abington was convicted and condemned upon the statute of relieving priests. A reprieve however came from London, and his life remained at the King's mercy, while his lands and goods were forfeited to the state. He bore his prosecution with exemplary courage, patience, and devotion.

Father Oldcorne's indictment showed how anxiously the enemies of the faith sought to involve him in the guilt of treason, trying in vain to prove that he had written and disseminated treasonable letters, that he had befriended the conspirators, and had extenuated their fault in one of his sermons. Each of these accusations having fallen through, his judges were driven to take their stand on ground which happily gave to his violent death the character of a true and undeniable martyrdom, whereby he sealed his faith with his blood simply because of his priesthood and his religious profession, and because he was well-known to have gained many souls to the Church. Being found guilty by the jury, he was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. On the night preceding the fatal day, which was Monday, April 7, 1606, an event happened which caused the martyr a double sorrow. A soldier, getting to know of Father Floyd's intention to visit the prisoner at night-fall to administer to him the last comforts of religion, maliciously gave information of the fact, and by adding a description of his person secured the Father's arrest as soon as he presented himself at the prison gate. For this act of charity Father Floyd was imprisoned for twelve months, and then sent into exile with forty-six other priests and Jesuits.

After this came great consolation in the news of the conversion of an obstinate sinner and perverse heretic, a Calvinist confined in the same gaol and condemned to die the next day for notorious crimes. Being, as he

said, "assured of his salvation," he spent his last day in singing licentious and ribald songs, and in jesting with everyone he met, but suffered himself to be persuaded to have an interview with Father Oldcorne. The combined judgement, learning, and gentle manner of the latter, aided by God's grace, soon touched his heart and filled his mind with new thoughts, so that after what instruction could be given he was led to a sincere repentance and reconciliation with the Church. He not only professed himself a Catholic, but all alone walked alongside of the hurdle on which the martyr was laid, all the way to the place of execution although steep and covered with mud. When, as Father Gerard narrates, "the keepers and other prisoners asked him why he did so, he answered he would follow his Father to his death whom he hoped to follow after death to a better place. 'Why,' said they, 'art thou become a Papist?' 'I am a Catholic,' said he, 'I thank God and this good Father, and so I mean to die!' They replied that he was a notorious thief, and known to have committed many mischiefs. 'It is true,' said he, 'I was so indeed when I was of your religion. I was then a Protestant and a thief, now I am a Catholic and penitent; and as heresy was the cause of my disorders, so now the Catholic religion is the cause and means of my repentance.' And in this mind and manner of proceeding, he continued until his death, to the admiration of all who had known his former courses, which gave occasion to divers to see and acknowledge the great difference between those trees which brought forth such different fruits."

It is difficult in these days to realize the degraded and revolting sight which the passage of a martyr to the place of his execution must have presented to the eye, the mingled discomfort, humiliation, and suffering which it inflicted on the victim of so great malice and cruelty. On the occasion we describe, the way was especially long, the streets narrow and thronged with a mob of old and young, whose worst and bitterest passions were busily excited. The roads were rough and

covered with mire, the steep and tedious ascent of Redhill, far worse to climb then even than now, must have notably prolonged the moral and physical painfulness of the whole scene. The hurdle or low sledge, even in its very appearance and position, as it was dragged jolting over the ground, with the prisoner bound on it, making deep furrows through the mud at every step; the horse which was fastened to it and which splashed the dirt up as it went along—such treatment as this was in itself a foretaste of the death then close at hand and full in the mind of the sufferer, a second way of sorrows so contrived as to be a faithful repetition of that former passage to Mount Calvary. As though to make the parallel more exact and evident, a Calvinist minister by word and example unfeelingly instigated the people to make game and mockery of those who were on their way to death; and, following in the rear of the procession, gathered round him a crowd of children, who like himself, insulted the Father with infamous reproaches and a thousand epithets.

Father Oldcorne being come to the brow of the hill and the place of the gallows, first with great fervour commended himself to Almighty God, to the Blessed Virgin, and to his patron, St. Jerome. He then declared to those assembled that he came there to die for the Catholic faith, seeing they neither had nor could prove anything against him which, even by their own laws, was sufficient to condemn him. He prayed aloud for the King and all the Royal Family, for his accuser (whom he said he heartily pardoned), for the judge, the jury, and all any way concerned in his death. Next being asked about the treason, and his taking part with the conspirators, he protested there again that he never had the least knowledge of the plot, and took it upon his death that he was as clear as the new-born child of the whole or of any part of it. Then, after further prayer and commendation of his soul, he was turned off the ladder, and hanging a while, was cut down and quartered, and so his innocent and thrice happy soul went to receive the reward of his many great labours and sufferings.

We conclude this sketch of Father Oldcorne's life by recounting two very marked external signs whereby God publicly set His seal to the great merits of the blessed martyr, for the authenticity of which we can quote Father Gerard's *Narrative*, Father Nieremburg's work on the Illustrious Members of the Society, and the valuable collection of old Jesuit MSS. in the State Archives, made by Father Cardwell, S. J. According to custom a fire was kindled in an open field beside the place of execution, for burning part of the bodies of those put to death, and this, though exposed to rain and many other changes in the weather continued burning on for sixteen or seventeen days, notwithstanding all the means employed to extinguish it, and the prevalence of very heavy rain. Fearing lest so great a phenomenon might be attributed to miraculous agency, the townspeople poured an immense quantity of water over it, as it blazed forth afresh during the time that a large fair was being held, and so they succeeded in overcoming the flames. But we likewise read in Father Gerard's *Narrative* that both on this spot and also within the courtyard of Henlip itself, grass sprang up and assumed the form of a crown, standing higher than the other herbage and differing somewhat in colour, and that when cut down it sprang up again in like height and form as before, and so continued to the great admiration of all the country thereabouts. Thus is the good Father very explicit and detailed in his contemporaneous account, and very bold in his claim even to the public notoriety of both events.

Our last words cannot do better than breathe forth the prayer of Father Gerard in his own words: "I hope in God the time will come when the city of Worcester will see and acknowledge both the burning charity with which the Blessed Father Oldcorne lived and died amongst them, and the crown of glory which he hath at the hand of God for his faith so truly kept and his death so happily consummated. His life was holy, his death saintly. God send us part of his blessed merits and intercession!"

Bishop Challoner.

(1691-1781.)

BY THE REV. EDWIN H. BURTON.

THE eighteenth century was a cheerless time in the history of the Catholic Church in England. It was the long winter preceding the second spring. The age of the martyrs was over: the days of the revival of the Faith had yet to come. Persecution continued, and Catholics were harassed unceasingly though the price they paid for their religion was their liberty and property rather than their blood. The downfall of the Stuart dynasty had crushed the brief hopes formed during the reign of James II.; and on the accession of the House of Orange there had seemed no future left to the Church in England, but gradual extinction. The new penal statutes of William III., followed by further enactments under Anne and the first two Georges, increased the hardships of the Church, by subjecting the laity to fresh disabilities and the clergy to fresh dangers. This unrelenting persecution, and especially the policy of starvation carried out with regard to Catholic education, did its work so well, that as the eighteenth century advanced, Catholics, so far from being able to make any headway in the conversion of their fellow-countrymen,

were unable even to maintain their own position. Thus to the other difficulties of the time was added the discouragement of decreasing numbers. The outlook of the Church in England grew darker than ever. Her present lot was persecution without martyrdom: her future was without prospect of relief.

The life of Bishop Challoner coincides with this dreary epoch from its beginning to its close. Born in 1691, within three years of the flight of James II. and the establishment of the Protestant succession, he lived to see the dawning of better times in the first Catholic Relief Act of 1778, which was the practical repeal of the more sanguinary penal laws and the forerunner of Catholic emancipation. During the last forty years of his life he naturally possessed, as bishop, great influence over the Catholic body; while throughout his whole missionary career he exercised an even wider influence by the numerous writings which have made his name a household word amongst us even in these days, when the circumstances of his life have been well-nigh forgotten and the memory of his contemporaries has passed away. Thus his name has come to be identified with the period we have described, even as that of Milner is identified with a later time.

But the secret of his greatness, both as bishop and as writer, lay in the silent power of his hidden saintliness. Doubtless the true history of that meek and mortified life of ninety years is to be found in the pages of his *Meditations* and of his other spiritual works. This, indeed, was felt by his friend and first biographer, the Rev. James Barnard, who wrote his life in accord with this idea. But if the true force of his life is seen in his works, it is none the less true that the works themselves gain a fresh value if we study them in the light of the story of his life.

He was born at Lewes in Sussex on September 29th, 1691. The surroundings of his birth and early life gave little promise of his future: his parents were Protestants, and their child was baptized by a Presbyterian minister. His father was a wine-cooper by trade, and apparently

not in thriving circumstances, for at his death (which happened not long after his son's birth), his widow was compelled to seek a situation as housekeeper. In this capacity she entered the household of Sir John Gage, a Catholic who resided at Firle in Sussex. Later on she became housekeeper to another Catholic, Mr. Holman of Warkworth in Northamptonshire. Her little son Richard accompanied her to both places. It is not known when Mrs. Challoner became a Catholic, but it was probably about the time she went to Warkworth, for it was there that Richard was received into the Church by the Rev. John Gother, chaplain to Mr. Holman, and the most celebrated controversialist of his age.

Under the guidance of this holy and remarkable man, Richard Challoner remained until he was thirteen years old; and it may be said that during this period his character was formed, and his vocation in life determined. So far as we can judge from external events, his progress in later years was the uninterrupted development of the lessons he learned from his first teacher: for the boy's affectionate nature made him an apt pupil, whilst the whole character of his after-life appears to have been singularly free from moral crisis or change of purpose. That Gother exerted upon him a lifelong influence is further shown by the striking resemblance, both in spirit and style, between the writings of both.

Gother—who was himself a convert—had been ordained priest at Lisbon, and in 1682 had returned to labour on the English Mission. At the time when Richard Challoner was brought under his influence he had attained wide celebrity by his writings. Dryden greatly admired his literary power; and it is stated, that many of those converted by his depth of doctrine had been led to read him in the first instance by the excellence of his style. His spiritual works alone fill sixteen volumes, and his controversial works are even more numerous. One of them, *A Papist Misrepresented and Represented*, called by Bishop Milner “an incomparable work,” passed through nearly forty editions; while, over and above many reprints of individual

writings, the complete collection of his spiritual works went through four or five editions during the eighteenth century.

Of Gother's private life little is known. Dodd, in his *History*, thus wrote of him: "He concealed himself entirely from the world. Nothing appeared but the effects of his learning and piety." But his merit had marked him out as a fit man to undertake a more responsible position; so that in 1704, when Bishop Ellis resigned the charge of the Western District, the other Vicars-Apostolic proposed Gother, amongst others, as his successor. He had, however, already been appointed President of the English College at Lisbon, and he was, in fact, on his way thither when he died at sea on October 2nd, 1704. The captain of the vessel, who was an Italian, was so struck with his eminent sanctity that he would not bury the body at sea, but carried it on to Lisbon, where it was interred in the chapel of the English College, at the foot of the altar of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

But before leaving Warkworth for the above-mentioned voyage to Lisbon, Gother, seeing the great progress made by Richard Challoner under his direction, and judging also that the boy had a vocation for the priesthood, had been able to procure for him one of Bishop Leyburn's foundations at Douay. In this he was assisted by Mr. Holman's wife, Lady Anastasia. She was the daughter of William, Viscount Stafford, who suffered for the Faith through the 'Titus Oates Plot' in 1680.

Richard arrived at Douay to commence his studies for the priesthood on July 31st, 1704, being then nearly thirteen years of age. Within the walls of the venerable English College he was to spend the next twenty-six years of his life.

His course was exceptionally brilliant, and he completed his studies in eight years instead of taking the customary twelve. The annals of the college record the judgement of his superiors concerning his student-life by stating, that "in all his exercises, whether private or

public, he showed an excellent genius, quick parts, and solid judgment." His memory was always remarkably good. Bishop Milner relates of him, that even in old age he was able to repeat accurately passages from the Greek poets, which he had learned when a boy.

At the age of seventeen he took the college oath, by which every student destined for the English Mission bound himself to that work, promising to return to England, when ordained priest, to labour for the salvation of souls. In 1712, when he was only twenty-one years old, his knowledge and talents justified his selection as Professor of Poetry and Rhetoric.¹

His ability in teaching seems to have been no less marked than his success as a student; for a year later, on October 6th, 1713, he was chosen to fill the responsible office of Professor of Philosophy—a position which he held for the following eight years. Meanwhile, in 1716, he was ordained deacon, on the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. Three weeks later, on Holy Saturday March 28th, he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Tournai, and he celebrated his first Mass on Easter Sunday. He was then in his twenty-fifth year.

His old friend, Rev. James Barnard, speaking of him at this time, says: "He was more solicitous to make a progress in the science of the saints than in the human sciences. And in this he advanced by large steps, by a punctual observance of even the minutest rules of the community, by a ready obedience to the will of his superiors, by the daily practice of self-denial, recollection of soul, humble and fervent prayer, and fervent, pious ejaculations sent from a heart burning with the love of God; and by an earnest desire of propagating the glory

¹ "Poetry" and "Rhetoric" were the names of two classes, or forms at Douay. The full course of studies lasted for twelve years, of which the first six were spent in classical and mathematical studies, or "Humanities," as they were called, the next two in Philosophy, and the last four in Theology. The course of Humanities was divided into six classes: Lower Figures, Higher Figures, Grammar, Syntax, Poetry, and Rhetoric. These terms have survived, with some slight modification, and are still in use in most of our Catholic colleges.

of His name, and promoting the salvation of souls redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ."

This practice of recollection distinguished his whole life. Whether engaged in the duties of professor, writer, priest, or bishop, he was ever first and foremost a man of prayer. His habit of ejaculations is mentioned by those who were intimate with him as being noticeable even when he was engaged in business or conversation.

In July, 1718, for the first time during fourteen years, he visited England, where his mother was still living. He returned to his duties at Douay in September, and was once more at work, pursuing his own studies even while engaged in teaching philosophy. That he made considerable progress in theology is shown by the fact that in April, 1719, he took the degree of Bachelor and Licentiate in Divinity—the college record adds, "with the great applause of all."

A year later, a new office fell to his lot. On July 13th, 1720, he was appointed Vice-President of the college—in place of Dr. Dicconson, who had left Douay for the English Mission—at the same time exchanging the Chair of Philosophy for that of Theology. He continued to hold his new offices for more than ten years.

The duties of the Vice-President seem to have been far from light, since, as we are told by Rev. J. Barnard, "the whole house (the person of the President alone excepted), the care of their souls, the welfare of their bodies, the regularity of discipline, and the superintendence over the other superiors and professors, was put under his care."

Besides being Vice-President and Professor of Theology, he was also Prefect of Studies; so that we can well understand Barnard's opinion, that "the office of Vice-President and its accompaniments could not fail of being, at least in some degree, contrary to Mr. Challoner's inclinations, and afford him some distractions with regard to that internal recollection of soul, which he always endeavoured to cultivate and preserve."

Yet he did not confine his activity within the college walls, for we hear of him on one occasion, when an Irish

regiment in the service of Louis XIV. was quartered at Douay, visiting and instructing these fellow-countrymen and tending them in the hospitals. We even catch a glimpse of him preaching to them, one St. Patrick's Day, on the text, "If ye be the children of Abraham, do the works of Abraham."

Occupied as he was, he continued his studies, and in 1727 took his degree of Doctor of Divinity, which, in the words of the college diary, "in the opinion of all men he had long before deserved."

But his heart was fixed on the English Mission. Years before his departure from the college we find traces of his desire to enter on the difficult and dangerous work in England, and also of the attempts of his brother priests to dissuade him from his purpose. Allusion to this was made in the addresses to him when he gained his doctorate. The persuasions of his friends were for a time successful, and he continued his work at Douay, adding to it, however, the labour of authorship. The year 1728 saw the publication of his first book. In keeping with his life and teaching, this first work was on prayer. He was so convinced of the value of meditation that during his whole life he never ceased to carry on an Apostolate of Mental Prayer. This book, known as *Think Well On't*, consisted of meditations for every day of the month. It was the forerunner of his larger work, *Meditations for every Day in the Year*.

From the publication of *Think Well On't* till his death, fifty years later, his pen was never idle. Bishop Milner remarks that we might be led to imagine that Challoner had done nothing else but write, did we not know how assiduous he ever was in the discharge of his sacred functions, and how much of his time was constantly taken up with preaching, instructing, administering the Sacraments, attending to the various and intricate concerns of his district, and with his prayers and devotions.

At length Dr. Challoner obtained the wish of his heart. In 1730 he was enabled to resign his offices at the English College and leave his home of more than a

quarter of a century, to work in the field of missionary labour, whither so many of his own pupils had preceded him. On August 18th, 1730, he left Douay for England. He was now nearly forty years of age, and, as the college annals recording his departure say, "a man very skilled in every kind of knowledge, endowed with distinguished piety, and inflamed by zeal for souls and love for God and his neighbour."

In those days the lot of a priest in England was in strong contrast to the peaceful retirement of Douay. The penal laws were still in force, and though fifty years had passed since the last blood had been shed in these islands—that of the Venerable Archbishop Plunket—priests were still in danger of undergoing sufferings, to which any death, not to speak of one which brought with it a martyr's crown, would have been preferable. The partial exercise of the laws against priests frequently meant confinement for life in prisons which the zeal of John Howard had not yet reformed; and if this fate were escaped, there yet remained hardships enough in the difficult conditions under which priests carried on their ministry, to enable them with truth to echo the words of the apostle: "Even unto this hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no fixed abode, and we labour working with our own hands: we are reviled, and we bless: we are persecuted, and we suffer it."

Bishop Giffard, the aged Vicar-Apostolic of the London District, in a pathetic letter written a few years previously, had said: "The continual fears and alarms we are under is something worse than Newgate." And he had had no inconsiderable experience of prison life. "In one I lay on the floor a considerable time; in Newgate almost two years; afterwards in Hertford Jail; and now daily expect a fourth prison to end my life in." As late as 1767, a Catholic priest was sentenced to imprisonment for life—though in his case the sentence was commuted to banishment—so that it was no dead code of obsolete laws, that Dr. Challoner returned to face in his native land. The law relating to priests at that time

was thus summed up by Lord Chief Justice Mansfield in the trial of Rev. J. Webb in 1768: "By the Statute of Queen Elizabeth, 27, c. 2, it is high treason for any man who is proved to be a priest to breathe in this kingdom. Another statute was made afterwards more mild, that only imposed a fine and short imprisonment. And this Statute of King William (11 & 12, c. 4) condemns any priest convicted of exercising his functions to perpetual imprisonment." Moreover, it was high treason to reconcile any person to the Catholic Church. In addition to these special statutes, priests were subject to all the penalties and disabilities that successive Acts of Parliament had heaped upon all Catholics, clergy and laity alike. The more galling provisions of these enactments are too well known to need recapitulation here; and though some of them appear to have fallen into disuse, others were constantly put in force long after public opinion was in favour of their repeal. At length the Relief Act of 1778 deprived informers of the reward previous statutes had allowed them: after this date the Penal Laws remained practically a dead letter, until the Act of 1791 swept them away, and ended the persecution that had lasted for over two hundred and thirty years.

But at the time of Dr. Challoner's arrival in England the Church was still in hiding, and her rites were performed wherever a priest, gathering a handful of the faithful around him, could raise an altar in some out-of-the-way room. Even then, every precaution was necessary: scouts were posted to give notice of the approach of search-parties, disguises were adopted, the congregation assembled by roundabout routes, and the utmost secrecy was observed—so much so, that it is now very difficult to ascertain where these meeting-places were. The only chapels where Mass could be said and the Sacraments administered openly, were the private chapels of Catholic ambassadors, which were privileged by law and to which Catholics were able to gain admittance as visitors; but even these were carefully watched, and attempts to preach sermons in English were soon stopped by the intervention of the Government. Still the Sardinian

Embassy in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Bavarian Embassy in Warwick Street, and the French, Spanish, and Portuguese Embassies served as centres of Catholic life, and proved of great assistance in difficult times. Bishop Giffard, at this time still Vicar-Apostolic of the London District, had lain hidden in the Venetian ambassador's house some years before, but had been compelled to leave when the Embassy was withdrawn. From a letter he then wrote we get an insight into the difficulties of the clergy. "Where to get a lodging in London; such as I may admit people to with security, and transact business, I cannot tell. I do all I can, and suffer a great deal; having no certain abode, but forced sometimes to change lodgings four times in a week; and once lodged at four different places in four days' time. One poor garret is palace, cathedral, table of audience, dining-room, bedchamber, and often, kitchen also. I thank God, this is my glory, and my joy; and could I be permitted to preach to my flock, I would not change my condition for that of the greatest cardinal."

As the clergy were thus forced continually to change their lodgings, it seems probable that the places where they assembled their flocks were also frequently changed. Of course the chapels of the ambassadors were inadequate, even had prudence permitted them to throw open their doors to all; and even these were closed, with one exception, after the rising of 1745. When the security of these privileged chapels were not available, Catholics would meet in rooms, sometimes in the mansions of the wealthier among them, sometimes amid more humble surroundings. Even a cockpit is known to have been used. Frequently rooms were hired in alehouses, where a concourse of people was less noticeable; but almost the only traces we have of these improvised chapels are found in accounts of raids made upon them by informers. Thus, in 1735, the *Gentleman's Magazine* records the discovery of "a private Mass-House at a little ale-house at the back of Shoreditch, where nearly 100 people had got together in a garret." Before 1740 there were two disguised chapels in Ropemaker's Alley, Moorfields,

which were known to the initiated as Brown's and Thompson's Penny Hotels, and which were the predecessors of the present Church of St. Mary, Moorfields. At a later date we hear of a "Mass-House" in Hog Lane, Seven Dials, and another in "The Park," Southwark, while before Dr. Challoner's death there were chapels in Virginia Lane, Wapping, and Nightingale Lane, East Smithfield. But these chapels and the few schools which Dr. Challoner lived to see opened, were undreamt of when he arrived from Douay ; and in 1730 the Church was still in the Catacombs.

At Douay, then, the first part of Dr. Challoner's life had been entirely spent : he was to spend the rest of it in London. It is not difficult for us to realize this new scene of his labours. The pencil of Hogarth has preserved for us the London of George II. in every detail. In the works of this painter we have reproduced the very streets and scenes amongst which moved the holy priest, disguised as a layman. His abode in London was never long in the same house ; he dwelt sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, according as prudence might dictate. From this time till his death he was always a hunted man. Even after toleration had been secured by Act of Parliament, he was forced to fly from his house to escape the violence of the mob during the Gordon Riots.

But few details of his life at this time are recorded. What we do know is fully in keeping with his previous life. Bishop Milner, who knew him intimately for over twenty years, says of him : "He considered himself as particularly commissioned to preach the gospel to the poor, whose cellars, garrets, hospitals, workhouses, and prisons were much more agreeable, as well as familiar, to him, than the splendid habitations of the great and opulent."

Barnard gives a long list of his friend's daily labours in the direct exercise of his priestly functions, and tells us that, when these duties were done, his remaining time was devoted to writing works, which followed one another in rapid succession.

In 1732, he published *The Grounds of the Catholic Doctrine ascertained in the Profession of Faith*. This was a new edition of one of Gother's works; and it has been reprinted frequently. Several short works followed, the chief of which was *The Young Gentleman instructed in the Grounds of the Catholic Religion*—a book which gained a wide circulation. About this time, an unfinished work by Gother, *An Essay on the Change and Choice of Religion*, came into Dr. Challoner's hands; and in 1734 he published it under the title, *The Sincere Christian's Guide in the Change of Religion*.¹

It was not to be expected, that so vigorous a controversialist should continue to write unmolested. The storm burst in 1737, on the publication of *The Catholic Christian instructed in the Sacraments, Sacrifice, Ceremonies, and Observances of the Church*. The book itself was a vindication of the doctrines and ceremonies of the Church from the general misrepresentations of its adversaries; but the preface was devoted to repelling a special attack which had been lately made on the belief and practice of Catholics. The attack had been made in *A Letter from Rome showing the exact Conformity between Popery and Paganism; or, the Religion of the present Romans derived from that of their Heathen Ancestors*. It had been written by Dr. Conyers Middleton, a classical scholar of some repute, and had attained considerable success in a very short time. Dr. Challoner replied in a few brief pages, in which he not only convicts his opponent of bad faith and misrepresentation, but disposes effectually of his arguments, and concludes by showing that even if Dr. Middleton's contention were true, the "exact conformity between Popery and Paganism" would extend also to the Church of England. This preface is a masterpiece of delicate raillery. So effective was it at the time, that Dr. Middleton was satisfied with nothing less than the revenge of setting the law in motion against the opponent he was unable to refute. A chance allusion to the royal arms in the

¹ Gother's original manuscript, with a preface and alterations in Dr. Challoner's handwriting, is now at Oscott.

preface furnished him with a pretext to prosecute Dr. Challoner as a person disaffected to the king.

In the then existing state of affairs it would have been unwise in the extreme for a Catholic priest, even though innocent, to risk a trial: and so, unwillingly, but prudently, Dr. Challoner withdrew from London for a time, taking advantage of the opportunity to revisit Douay.

He found the college in an unsettled state. The President, the learned Dr. Witham, wished to resign his office, owing to ill-health, and the question of appointing his successor was under consideration. The name of Dr. Challoner, among others, was frequently mentioned in this connection. The President died, however, on May 29th, 1738, before the matter was settled. Immediately strenuous efforts were made by the superiors of the college to secure Dr. Challoner's appointment as the new President. In this they were supported by three of the Vicars-Apostolic in England, who saw the necessity of having the ablest man available at the head of the college, which provided so large a number of the priests on the English Mission. But opposition was made to this scheme by Bishop Petre, Vicar-Apostolic of the London District, who, being advanced in years, had asked for a coadjutor, and had determined that Dr. Challoner should be the man.

The matter was laid before Propaganda. The Douay superiors, the other Vicars-Apostolic in England, and the Cardinals of Propaganda, strongly urged on Bishop Petre the desirability of Dr. Challoner's being appointed President of Douay. But the Bishop remained firm, and even threatened to resign his Vicariate unless he were given as coadjutor the man of his choice.

The representations of Bishop Petre to Propaganda were successful: briefs were therefore issued in September, 1739, appointing Dr. Challoner Bishop of Debra *in partibus infidelium*, and coadjutor. The humble Doctor was alarmed, and represented that he had been a heretic, and that he was the son of heretical parents. But his desire to escape this uncoveted dignity was disappointed; and his action only delayed the inevitable.

Bishop Petre was well aware of the value of his new coadjutor, and, having won him in spite of the pressing claims of Douay, he did not intend to lose him through the Doctor's own humility. A dispensation was sought and obtained, and at length new briefs were issued in November, 1740. A decree of Propaganda, approved by the Pope on November 16th, granted permission to Bishop Petre to consecrate Dr. Challoner, with the assistance of two priests, on a week-day, as it was nearly impossible in those days for priests to leave their posts on Sundays or Holidays of Obligation. At that time, all the days on which bishops are now consecrated, such as the apostles' days, together with some other feasts, were observed as Holidays of Obligations, as they still are in Italy.

The consecration took place at Hammersmith on January 29th, 1741, the feast of the great Bishop and Doctor of the Church, St. Francis of Sales.

The first duty undertaken by the new Bishop was the visitation of the London District, which at this time consisted of the counties of Middlesex, Essex, Hertford, Buckingham, Bedford, Berks, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Hants, and the Channel Islands. Large as this district was, it was far from comprising the entire extent of the Vicariate, for in those days the Vicar-Apostolic of London, in addition to his episcopal charge in this country, ruled as bishop over all the English colonies in America, including the immense territory which now constitutes the United States. The Vicars-Apostolic were represented in these colonies by a priest, who acted as their Vicar; and this arrangement continued until 1776, when, in the war which followed the Declaration of Independence, all communication between Bishop Challoner and his Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Lewis, was cut off. Shortly afterwards, the Catholics of America obtained an independent superior in the person of the illustrious Bishop Carroll.

From a report sent by Bishops Petre and Challoner to Rome, in 1746, we learn that the number of Catholics in their district was about 25,000, under the care of sixty priests. This report probably does not include priests

who were members of Religious Orders. The report states, that there had been no perceptible alteration as to numbers for the past thirty years. In 1773, towards the close of his episcopate, Dr. Challoner made another report to Propaganda, in which he gave the number of Catholics as 24,450, the number of missionaries being 120, of whom only 55 were secular priests.¹

The visitation of this flock, scattered over so large a district, devolved on Bishop Challoner; and, having regard to the difficulties of eighteenth-century travelling, we can realize that his journeys must have been apostolic in their hardships as well as in their missionary labours. In the Bishop's own eyes, the chief duty that his office demanded of him was that of preaching. This conviction he used often to repeat: and it was his regular custom to preach every Sunday, though he did so amidst the greatest difficulties. Bishop Milner recalls the sermons of Dr. Challoner preached in "a miserable and ruinous apartment hired for this purpose, near Clare Market." This was in 1756. Afterwards he had a room in Whetstone Park, which lies between Holborn and Lincoln's Inn Fields. For a short time he preached in the chapel at the Sardinian Embassy--the present church of SS. Anselm and Cecilia in Sardinia Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This was privileged as an ambassador's chapel; and both the Bishop and his congregation were safe from informers within its walls. But in a few weeks, the ambassador, at the instance of the Ministry, was compelled to forbid these English discourses in his chapel. Driven from this shelter, the good Bishop hired rooms in the Old Ship Inn, in Turnstile, Holborn. Here he preached every week, sitting at a table surrounded by his congregation; and in order to disguise the real nature of the meeting in case they were interrupted, every one present was furnished with a pipe and a pot of beer. By the expedient of removing a part of the flooring, the discourse could be heard in two rooms: so that a large number could attend the sermons.

¹ In 1767, a Parliamentary return gave the number of Catholics in England and Wales as 67,916.

It was, indeed, preaching the Word of God under difficulties. "But," says Bishop Milner, "to conceive the force and the unction with which he announced that sacred Word, or to form an idea of the fire which, through all the frost of age, then darted from his countenance, and animated his weak and emaciated frame, you must have seen him and heard him on those occasions; in short, he was quite a different man when seated in the Chair of Truth, and charged with the interest of his Divine Master, from what he was at every other time."

His celebration of the Divine Mysteries also had always been marked by the same fervour; and he said Mass daily, in spite of the difficulties which often attended the offering of the Holy Sacrifice in those days.

He took great delight in the Divine Office. Dr. Milner, speaking of his love of the Breviary, relates that on one occasion the Bishop hearing a priest congratulate himself on having finished his Office for the day, replied, with an emphasis that marked his sincerity: "I have that pleasure to come."

The opening year of Bishop Challoner's episcopate was marked by the publication of the first volume of his *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*; and the following year the second volume appeared. Since 1737 the Bishop had been occupied on this great work, which contains accounts of the martyrs who suffered between 1577 and 1684. The result of his labours was, the addition of a classic to our Catholic literature. It has been, since its first publication, the chief source from which Catholics have learned the history of the English martyrs. Particulars concerning the lives and deaths of the martyrs had always been carefully preserved, and there existed a considerable number of works and a great treasure of unpublished papers; but the former were for the most part in Latin, and the latter lay in the archives of Douay and other establishments abroad. Bishop Challoner, with the assistance of his friend Alban Butler at Douay, collected and copied documents from all sources; and

his published work is but a selection of the great mass of information he acquired.¹ Though of late years his work has been largely supplemented, it has never been supplanted, for it remains to this day the standard work on the subject.

While preparing the *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, Dr. Challoner was also engaged on another work, the name of which has become a household word wherever English-speaking Catholics are found. This was the well-known prayer-book, *The Garden of the Soul*. Until that time the laity had used two ancient prayer-books, the *Manual* and the *Primer*—both of which have now disappeared. *The Garden of the Soul* was published in 1740, the second edition appearing in 1741, and the third in 1743. It was the first of that large class of English prayer-books and manuals of devotion which has since arisen. It has passed through countless editions; and it remains one of the most popular prayer-books now in use.

No sooner were these two important works concluded, than the Bishop passed on to others; for there was no such thing as rest in Dr. Challoner's life. In 1743, he published a doctrinal work, *The Grounds of the Old Religion*, which appeared modestly as "By a Convert." It passed through several editions,—that of 1798 being enriched by Bishop Milner's Life of the author.

In 1745, appeared his largest work: *Britannia Sancta; or the Lives of the most celebrated British, English, Scottish, and Irish Saints, who have flourished in these islands from the earliest times of Christianity down to the change of Religion in the 16th Century, Faithfully collected from their ancient Acts and other records of British History*. It has been said of this work, that it entitled its author to a place among the foremost Christian archæologists of his age. But Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, published in the same year, superseded Dr. Challoner's work; so that it has never been reprinted, and is now rarely to be met with.

¹ The manuscripts thus collected for this work are preserved at Oscott.

In 1746, the Bishop found a new opening for his charity. The prisons were filled with the unfortunate men who had been taken prisoners the previous year in the unsuccessful rising of the Young Pretender. Bishop Challoner had been earnest in dissuading Catholics from marching northward to join the prince at Edinburgh, and consequently but few of his own flock were among the sufferers ; but many Catholics from the north were lodged in the London gaols.

About this time, he brought out a new edition of Gothe's works ; for these still continued to be very popular. One of the best known of these writings was soon to be instrumental in gaining for Dr. Challoner a lifelong friend, and for Scotland one of her greatest bishops. This was George Hay, famous in later years as Bishop Hay of Edinburgh, but who was then a young surgeon, filled with so great a hatred of Catholicism, that he had taken a vow to do his utmost to extirpate "Popery" from Scotland. Gothe's book, *The Papist Misrepresented and Represented*, fell, however, into his hands, with the result that he sought instruction, and was received into the Church. This conversion debarred him from practising his profession with any success in his native land ; so he accepted an engagement as surgeon on board a trading-vessel chartered for the Mediterranean. Coming to London to complete his arrangements, he was introduced to Bishop Challoner, who soon discovered his virtue and ability. It is considered by Dr. Hay's biographer, that it was the influence of Bishop Challoner which led to his embracing the ecclesiastical state. Their acquaintance developed into intimate friendship in later years. A touching testimony to this, is the agreement they made, that on the death of either the one who survived should celebrate Mass for the soul of the deceased three times every week. Bishop Hay survived his friend for thirty years, and kept his compact as long as he was able to say Mass. Of the two prelates it has been written : "What the one did for England, the other did for Scotland."

During the early years of his episcopate, Dr. Challoner

was employed on another work of great importance, viz., a revised edition of the Rheims and Douay Version of the Holy Scriptures. "The language of this excellent work was now, in many places, become obsolete," says Bishop Milner, "and the text of the Vulgate, from which it was taken, had itself been corrected and restored by the care of that learned Pontiff, Clement VIII. What Dr. Challoner then undertook was to revise and correct the language and orthography of the said ancient version . . . to adopt the little improvements of the Clementine edition, and to add such notes as he judged necessary to clear up modern controversies, and to remove the principal difficulties that occur in perusing the sacred volume. This he executed with an expedition which nothing but his unexampled application renders credible."

In 1753, Dr. Challoner published his well-known work *Considerations upon Christian Truths and Christian duties digested into Meditations for every Day in the Year*—a book more familiarly known as Challoner's Meditations. This work, like the *Garden of the Soul*, has passed into the life of the Church in this country. It has been the standard book of meditations since its publication, and has passed through very many editions. Bishop Challoner's heart was wholly in this work; for he could never weary of urging the practice of mental prayer. He concludes the preface to it in these words: "This exercise is the true Christian philosophy, consisting in the search and love of true wisdom; even that wisdom which is so much extolled by the Spirit of God in Holy Writ, and which comes down from God and carries us up to God. This is the science of the Saints." Space does not allow us to mention all Bishop Challoner's works, which number nearly fifty. Of these many are now forgotten, some are rarely to be met with, while others are still standard works of doctrine or devotion. To understand his labours as author, we must consider not only the value of his writings in themselves, but their effect on later writers. He did more than write books himself—he influenced the work of others. The

author of the preface to the Edinburgh edition of the *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, published in 1878, expressed the opinion that Bishop Challoner may be said to have created our modern Catholic literature. During his Episcopate, he spared no effort to encourage the publication of spiritual works, whether original or translated, and although when he first came to England nearly all Catholic books were printed abroad and imported with difficulty, he had most of his own works printed and published in London itself. In this direction his influence and example did much.

In the year 1758, Bishop Petre closed a long and useful life, and Bishop Challoner succeeded him as Vicar-Apostolic of the London District. But it seemed as though his rule were destined to be short, for no sooner had he taken over the government of his Vicariate than he fell ill, and for some time lay at death's door. He was now sixty-seven years old, and on his recovery, feeling that the care of so large a district was too much for his unaided strength, he obtained the appointment of the Hon. James Talbot, brother of the then Earl of Shrewsbury, as his coadjutor, with right of succession. This prelate was a man after Dr. Challoner's own heart, and was generally known as "the good Bishop Talbot." His consecration took place on August 24th, 1759.

No sooner was the Bishop in some degree recovered from his illness—which proved but the first of three severe attacks—than he was again at work, preaching, writing, governing his district as before. We get from Barnard an interesting account of his day's work—of the manner of life he continued until the day when he was struck down by his last illness in his ninetieth year. Summer and winter he rose at six o'clock, and spent an hour in meditation, after which he offered the Holy Sacrifice at eight. At nine he breakfasted, and then, having said the little hours of his Office, he attended to business until one o'clock. "When tired with writing he would take a few turns backward and forward in his apartments, then take some pious book to read, say some

prayers, or, sitting in his chair, contemplate on some pious subject, and then return again to his writing. At one o'clock he used to say the evening part of the Divine Office, which finished, he used either to say some vocal prayers or else employ himself in meditation until two, when, with his chaplains, he sat down to dinner, at which time he unbent a little his mind from that close application, and was always very cheerful and agreeable, discoursing with them upon different subjects, and endeavouring to inspire them likewise with a spirit of Christian cheerfulness." Dinner being over, he remained in conversation for half an hour, and then walked out to pay visits, or to take such exercise as he required. Between five and six o'clock he returned to resume his business or writing. Later in the evening he said his Office, and shortly after supper he retired.

To these particulars we may add the following account by Charles Butler, who knew him well. "His visits among his flock were not unfrequent, and generally made at the time of tea, but he carried piety and recollection with him wherever he went, and diffused them among all that were present. He was very cheerful, and the cause of cheerfulness in others, but he stopped very short of mirth. He was always serene, affable, unaffected, prudent, and charitable, never said anything which tended, even remotely, to his own advantage; he always listened with modest attention, and interrupted no one unless the glory of his God or the defence of his neighbour made it necessary."

Thus thoroughly was the Bishop's life given up to the service of God. He kept back nothing for himself, and, being a man of prayer, he was a man of mortification. His style of living was of the poorest, while his charities were great. Bishop Milner records that "whilst he himself lived in that poor and humble style in which we have all beheld him, barely allowing himself the indispensable necessities of life, through his hands flowed an inexhaustible stream of bounty to the necessitous of different descriptions." Charles Butler adds that the poor thronged to his house at all hours, and

trespassed most unmercifully on his time, but that they were always kindly received, and, when it was in his power, always relieved. In order to have the more to give, he even deprived himself of a house that he might have called his own, and lived in lodgings with a private family. For some time he lived thus in Great Conduit Street, until the house was bought over his head by an informer, eager to earn the one hundred pounds reward offered by the Statute of William III. to any one who prosecuted to conviction a Catholic priest for exercising his functions within the realm. Time after time he had to change his dwelling and live under an assumed name, and this at an age when the most unselfish of men may look for some consideration and repose. At one period he lived under the name of Fisher in Red Lion Street, Holborn; also for a time he was known by his mother's maiden name, Willard. After the Relief Act of 1778, he was able to live more quietly; and the latter years of his life were spent at a house in Gloucester Street.

But amid all his personal dangers he continued to labour intrepidly for the good of the Church. In 1760, he succeeded in establishing a school for girls in spite of penal laws and the difficulties surrounding such an undertaking in those times. Labours in the cause of education were no new thing to him. While still coadjutor to Bishop Petre, Dr. Challoner had been instrumental in reviving Twyford School for boys at Standon Lordships, Hertfordshire, in 1753. This school was the predecessor of St. Edmund's College, Old Hall. Soon after he became Vicar-Apostolic, Dr. Challoner had felt the need of a school for boys of a different class from those received at Standon Lordships, and after two attempts, first in Buckinghamshire and then in Wales, a school was opened in January, 1762, at Betley, in Staffordshire, by Dr. Challoner's friend, Rev. William Errington. Opposition was offered to this undertaking by some of the Catholic aristocracy, who endeavoured to dissuade the Bishop from carrying it out; but he replied, that, whether they patronized it or not, it should be undertaken, and moreover, that the blessing of God

would be upon it, and that it would prosper. Dr. Challoner's prophecy proved true. In 1763, the school at Betley was removed to Sedgley Park, where for over a hundred years it flourished, educating nearly all the clergy of the Midlands. And though this far-famed school no longer exists, Dr. Challoner's foundation still survives in St. Wilfrid's College, Cotton, which is the successor of Sedgley Park School, and heir of its traditions and renown.

For many years the precarious maintenance of these schools was a source of continual anxiety to Dr. Challoner. He had to contend, not only with the difficulties necessarily attending their foundation, but also with the terrors of the law ; for by statutes that were still unrepealed the Catholic who kept a school without license of the Anglican bishop of the diocese, was liable to imprisonment for a year and a fine of forty shillings a day ; while by a later statute all Catholics convicted of educating youth were to be imprisoned for life. The danger of these laws being enforced was much increased at this time by the activity of certain common informers, eager to gain the rewards offered by law for the conviction of Catholic priests. One of the most prominent of these was a man named Payne, who was also known as "The Protestant Carpenter." About the year 1765, he commenced a harassing persecution of Catholics, which received no check for nearly thirteen years. His procedure was simplicity itself. By dint of feigning a desire for instruction, he not only gained access to several London chapels, where he soon became familiar with the names and appearance of many priests, but he even contrived to obtain interviews with the Bishop himself. For some months he worked warily, tracking priests from their obscure chapels to their obscurer homes, and marking his victims. When all was ready, he went boldly before the Lord Mayor, and applied for warrants of arrest. These, to his surprise, were refused, for the Lord Mayor was acquainted with several Catholics, and, perceiving Payne's true aims, discountenanced his unjust proceedings. At the same time,

having regard to the state of the law, the Mayor secretly advised the Catholics to come to some arrangement with the informer. Payne accordingly reaped the first reward of his labours. Encouraged by this, he next proceeded to indict several priests at the Old Bailey, with the result that he was sufficiently successful to make it worth his while to persevere in his efforts. What this untiring persecution meant to the afflicted Catholics it is now difficult to realize. Priests were arrested at the altar, imprisoned in default of bail, placed in the dock as criminals, and harassed with the anxiety of prolonged trials. One priest, Rev. John Baptist Moloney, was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life, for which conviction Payne received one hundred pounds reward. Dr. Challoner's coadjutor, "the good Bishop Talbot," was tried, but was acquitted, as the counsel for the prosecution failed to prove the charge. Chapels were closed for fear of informers, the faithful were dispersed without Mass or Sacraments, and the aged Bishop was compelled, not only helplessly to watch the havoc, but even constantly to hide and fly from pursuit. Relief came at length. Spurred on by his success in Moloney's case, Payne aimed still higher, and indicted Bishop Challoner himself, with four priests and a schoolmaster, at the Old Bailey. But in the preparation of his case he overstepped himself; for, desiring to evade the payment of some fees, he avoided this expense by the economical process of forging the subpoenas he required. These subpoenas, coming in the usual course into the hands of Dr. Challoner's lawyers, were at once detected as forgeries, and Payne, now at the mercy of his own victims, was glad to purchase his own safety at the price of abandoning his pursuit.

Shortly afterwards, relief came in a more lasting way. The Government difficulties that arose from the American War had led to a measure of toleration for Catholics in Ireland. This prepared the way for the relief of the English Catholics. Their cause was taken up by such noble-minded men as Lord Mansfield and Sir George Savile; and in 1778, the first Catholic Relief Act passed

both Houses of Parliament. The measure of relief granted, though not great, was considerable. Catholic Englishmen could once more inherit land; and priests were no longer subject to perpetual imprisonment for exercising their sacred ministry in these islands. Catholics still remained liable to the other penalties and disabilities of the penal laws, and of these they were not finally relieved until long afterwards. Even so small a measure of justice, however, was burdened with an oath. After serious deliberation and prayer, Bishop Challoner sanctioned the form of oath required, and it was immediately taken by large numbers of Catholics in the courts at Westminster.

The passing of this Act was a great consolation to the venerable Bishop, who at length saw his clergy able to live unmolested. He himself was now eighty-eight years old, and might hope to spend his remaining days in peace. But even this was denied him; the end of his life was spent, as his whole career had been, amid troubles and persecution.

All the latent bigotry in the country was called into activity by the passing of the Catholic Relief Act. A society calling itself "The Protestant Association" was formed, meetings were held, the worst passions of the people were roused by intemperate harangues, while the press poured forth books and pamphlets denouncing the Catholics, their supporters, and even the King and Parliament. For two years the agitation proceeded, slowly gathering to a head, until in 1780 the storm burst. The sectaries had found a leader in the crazy fanatic, Lord George Gordon. By an advertisement in the newspapers, he summoned forty thousand men to meet in St. George's Fields on the 2nd of June. With this body were associated all the bad characters in London, who saw in the movement an opportunity for plunder and riot. The object of this meeting was to present to the Houses of Parliament the monster petition against Catholics that had been in preparation for some weeks. The movement speedily passed beyond all control, and for six days London was at the mercy of a

frenzied mob. The history of this outbreak, interesting as it is, does not here concern us so much as the movements of Bishop Challoner during this Reign of Terror.¹

Doubtless he had heard of the proceedings of the rioters at the House of Commons on the afternoon of Friday, June 2nd; while the brutal treatment received by the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Lincoln made it clear, that little mercy would be shown to any Catholic prelate who might fall into their hands. But he seems to have apprehended no immediate danger, for he had already retired for the night when the tidings were brought to his house that the rioters had set fire to the Sardinian ambassador's chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and that they intended to proceed to his lodgings to seize his person and burn the house.

It was now eleven o'clock. The Bishop's chaplains, losing no time, roused him from his sleep, and without informing him fully of the attacks on the chapels at the Sardinian and Bavarian Embassies, urged him to seek refuge in the house of a friend. The Bishop, with his usual confidence in the protection of God, for a long time refused. But at length he gave way to their entreaties, and stayed the night in the place of refuge his friends provided. That they did not exaggerate the danger is seen from Bishop Milner's account of the rioters' plan. "It is known to have been their intention to have chaired him in derision and thus to carry about, in a kind of mock triumph, this peaceable and venerable old man upon their frantic expeditions. How this barbarous ceremony was to have ended, God only knows." It is stated that many had sworn to roast him alive, and that during the course of the night a mob filled the street where he lived, searching for his dwelling, while their tumult and shouts for him to come forth could be heard from the house in which he lay hidden spending the night on his knees in prayer.

Next day, advantage was taken of a lull in the storm to remove the Bishop to the house of his friend, Mr.

¹ A vivid account of the Gordon Riots by Mr. Lionel Johnson is published in the series of *Historical Papers*, C.T.S., price 1d.

Mawhood, at Finchley. Here he remained for three days, "almost uninterruptedly occupied in prayer, offering himself to suffer whatsoever the Divine Providence should be pleased to ordain, recommending his flock to the mercy and protection of the Almighty." Each evening he heard from Mr. Mawhood accounts of the outrages proceeding in London. On the Monday night the news came, that the mob had attacked Mr. Mawhood's town house, but had been prevailed on to leave it uninjured. The chapels in Virginia Lane, Wapping, and at East Smithfield were destroyed; the schools at Moorfields were burned, the chapel having been sacked on the previous day. On the Tuesday, accounts were worse; the civil authorities were paralyzed, and the mob held the town. It must have been a special grief to the Bishop, to learn that Lord Mansfield and Sir George Savile had suffered for their generosity to the Catholics by the destruction of their houses. Moreover, his host was now in great danger of losing his entire property, for the rioters had that day returned to his town house, threatening to burn it with all his property, worth several thousands of pounds, and announcing their intention to destroy his house in the country. Once more, however, his generosity to the Bishop won for him his reward, for the rioters again departed without carrying out their threats. But it became evident, that the Bishop was no longer safe at Finchley. On Wednesday it was arranged, that he should seek refuge in another house more distant from London. The time of his departure was fixed for half-past one. The coach was waiting at the door, but the Bishop remained in his own apartment absorbed in prayer. An hour passed away amid the anxiety of the family, who feared for their guest's safety if he delayed longer. At length Dr. Challoner appeared, but instead of going into the coach, he went into the parlour, where, seating himself, after a few moment's pause, he told his friends that "he who dwells in the help of the Most High shall abide under the protection of the God of Heaven; that whosoever is under His protection is equally safe in every place; that consequently he was

as safe where he was as he should be in any other place ; that therefore he had changed his mind and would not depart ; and that the master of the house might lay aside his fears ; for he was certain that no harm would happen either to his country house or to his town house."

The Bishop's resolute manner and the authority of his office and personal sanctity prevailed. In spite of the danger Mr. Mawhood consented to return to London, to see how things were proceeding. His heart must have been heavy, when he arrived and saw how little likelihood there was of the Bishop's prediction being fulfilled. The riots were at their height. London was in flames in thirty-six different places. The prisons had been thrown open ; and the criminals had been let loose to join in the scenes of plunder, and to rob shops and passers-by without interference.

In Holborn, Mr. Langdale's distillery was ablaze ; and drunken rioters, struggling for drink, were being consumed in the flames. At length, the King, finding his magistrates would not act, took the matter into his own hands. A proclamation was issued, and troops were called out. Then followed scenes of bloodshed, as the rioters were repulsed. Mr. Mawhood returned to Finchley, leaving his town house with the expectation that he should never more see it standing. But the truth of the Bishop's words was soon to be proved. As Mr. Mawhood returned home, he met a body of soldiers marching to London. He addressed the officer in command, who undertook to protect his house in the city. After one more night of suspense at Finchley, the news came on Thursday morning, that the riots were at an end.

A few days later, Dr. Challoner returned to London. The task before him might well have dismayed a younger man, but he set patiently to work to repair the damage done in his district, to rebuild what had been overthrown, and to restore confidence among his panic-stricken flock. Some had been reduced to great distress by the sudden destruction of all their property ; others had fled from their houses, carrying with them such valuables as they

could hastily collect, and, unable to find shelter, had become wanderers in the roads and fields, exposed to the attacks of footpads and rioters. Even after the lapse of many years, Catholics who could remember the riots, were unable to recall without terror those horrible scenes.

The Bishop spared no pains to console and reassure the sufferers. Confidence slowly returned; and after a time compensation was granted to those whose houses and property had been destroyed. But Dr. Challoner's deepest anxiety at this time was for the spiritual needs of his flock. Chapels and schools had been wrecked; vestments, altar furniture, and all the requirements for the services of the Church had been burnt. It was difficult to assemble the people for Mass and the administration of the Sacraments. He himself, for the first time during his episcopate, found himself unable to preach to his people, as his chapel was in ruins—a deprivation which he, with his zeal for this special office of a bishop, felt keenly. It became necessary to begin all over again the work of providing for the religious needs of his flock in several parts of London.

These labours, added to the anxiety and grief he had suffered during the riots, could not fail to prey on the spirits of a man nearly ninety years of age; yet, in the midst of his troubles, he was the first to set an example of resignation and confidence in God. Throughout life he had learnt to bear sorrows and contradictions with a meek calmness. But now a deeper peace seemed to fall upon him, as the prospect of a speedy release from his cares opened before him. We are told, that in the latter part of the year, during the conferences with his clergy, which he had instituted some years before, he dwelt much on the subject of death, intimating “that his own dissolution was at hand, and lamenting that he had not served God better.”

Yet there was no visible failing in his health. The New Year of 1781 came, and though it was to bring for him the holy death for which his life had been a long preparation, he was still working for the interests of God.

But on January 10th, as he was sitting at dinner with his chaplains, his right hand suddenly fell from the table. With difficulty he muttered the word "Palsy," and then, indicating the pocket which contained his money, he said, "Charity." It was his last spoken word. Paralysis had seized his right side, and for two days he lingered, deprived of speech, though giving mute signs that he retained his other faculties. The last Sacraments were administered, and from that time to the end he remained absorbed in prayer; and "in this holy union without any struggle, his pious soul passed to a blessed eternity, between the hours of twelve and one on Friday, January 12th, being then in the ninetieth year of his age, the fiftieth of his missionary labours, and fortieth of his episcopacy."¹

As to the death of Bishop Challoner, we can only repeat his own words: "With what willingness does such a Christian as this leave this world! What peace and tranquillity does he find in his soul from the testimony of a good conscience! How joyfully does he throw himself into the arms of his tender Father, who, he is well assured, will never reject his loving children, who cast their whole care upon him" (*Meditations*, July 9th).

During his life, Dr. Challoner had expressed a desire, shared by most Catholics in those days, to be buried in the cemetery of St. James at Winchester, which had remained since the days of the Reformation in Catholic hands, and where Catholics could be buried with the rites of the Church—which at that time was impossible elsewhere. But in consequence of difficulties, Bishop Talbot thought it prudent to grant the request of a Catholic gentleman, Mr. Brian Barret, who wished to bury the body in his family vault at the village of Milton, near Abingdon.

Accordingly, after the last offices of the Church had been performed by his sorrowing flock in London, the Bishop's remains were removed to the country churchyard where they now lie. To fulfil the requirements of the law at that time, the funeral service of the Church of

¹ Milner.

England was read over them by the vicar of the parish, who thus recorded the burial in his register: "Anno Domini 1781, January 22nd; Buried the Reverend Dr. Richard Challoner, a Popish priest and titular Bishop of London and Salisbury, a very pious and good man, of great learning and extensive abilities."

Speaking of Dr. Challoner's personal appearance, Barnard describes him as being "about five feet ten inches high, of a fair complexion, sharp penetrating eye, serene and engaging countenance, having piety and devotion expressed in the very lineaments of his face, but emaciated by application to study and self-denial."

With the death of Bishop Challoner, an epoch closed in the history of the Church in England. Increased toleration and the gradual repeal of the penal laws brought Catholics face to face with a new state of things. New needs and new trials arose. Dr. Challoner's life had been passed in days of difficulty; but he was spared the days of danger that were to come. Yet the work he had accomplished remained as a power for good when his presence had been withdrawn, and his influence over his priests and people was a guiding principle to them in the struggle they were soon compelled to make for the liberties of the Church. In no instance is this so strongly marked, as in the life of the great Bishop who was raised up to pilot the Church through the troubled times that followed.

Milner, as a child, had been brought up under Bishop Challoner's eye, and was one of the earliest pupils of the school at Sedgley Park. Later on, he spent the first years of his priesthood under Bishop Challoner in London. The affection and veneration in which he held the gentle Bishop appears again and again in his writings; and the first of all the works with which Milner enriched Catholic literature was the funeral discourse he preached at Winchester two days after Dr. Challoner's death. In this he bears moving testimony to the extent to which his life and character had been influenced by the venerable prelate: "I have lost the model to which I looked up for my own conduct in the ecclesiastical state, the

counsellor on whose lights I depended for guidance amidst the doubts and difficulties incident to it, the friend and benefactor from whom I expected that protection and assistance in future occurrences which I had experienced in the past. For if I have had the advantage of receiving early impressions of piety, of such importance to my own salvation, or if in my sacred character I can have the happiness of contributing in any degree to that of others, it is to the ever-respected deceased I am indebted for these invaluable benefits."

And in the same discourse he sums up in one sentence the character of Bishop Challoner, as he estimated it after so intimate an acquaintance: "When on every occasion I represent Bishop Challoner as a saint, I say no more of him now after his death, than all who knew him have said of him during his life."



St. Stanislaus Kostka.

(1550-1568).

THERE is in Rome a small and graceful church right opposite to the old Palace of the Popes upon the Quirinal Hill. The Palace is the Pope's no more; and soldiers and courtiers, not of the Pope, throng the narrow street that runs before it. Let us seek refuge from their uncongenial company in this modest sanctuary. On entering we are taken by surprise at its beauty. Circular in form, crowned by a dome, it has deeply recessed chapels, one of which attracts by the richness of its materials. We read on an inscription that underneath the altar repose the remains of St. Stanislaus Kostka. And if we pass on into a room hard by we see his effigy in breathing marble. He is as at the moment of his death, holding a picture of our Lady in one hand and a crucifix in the other. Young he is to die, but there is no shade of sorrow upon that sweet face. Who is this youth, what the story of his short life?

When the fierce flood of revolt against God's Church and God's truth was threatening the whole of Central Europe, Poland faithful and heroic was in grave peril of being drowned in the rising waters. But Masovia, one of her provinces, stood above them, like a rock unsullied, untouched by the deluge. And there, in 1550, when Edward VI. was King of England, dark days for

our dear land, Stanislaus was born. John Kostka, his father, was Senator of that most democratic, yet aristocratic kingdom, and Castellan or Governor of one of its towns. Where every freeman was a noble, nobility was no special privilege. But John was of one of the leading families, and several of his relatives and of the relatives of his wife held high places in the State.

As with so many of God's saints, marvels foretold the greatness of this child before his birth. Stanislaus, the second son—he had a brother Paul older by thirteen months—was born on the 28th of October. After the solemn baptism in the parish church, the child's godfather laid the baby on the ground before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. It was a fitting consecration for one who was to be so highly favoured by this sublime Mystery and so great a lover of his Lord in the Holy Eucharist.

Under a strict home training, Stanislaus grew up a sweet and winning child. The first act he could recall in after years was the dedication of himself entirely and for ever to God. To this he was so faithful that no wonder his parents used to say, "He is an angel now, he will be a saint hereafter." The Castellan kept open house, but if any one at his table dared to say a coarse word when Stanislaus was present, the boy would raise his eyes to heaven and then fall off into a swoon. And his father had to keep strict watch that the conversation should never turn on forbidden topics. As the brothers grew up, John Kostka looked around for some school where the faith of his sons would be secure, a privilege not easy to find in those evil days. The Society of Jesus, then but lately founded, had been invited by the Emperor Ferdinand I. to open a college in Vienna, his capital. He had lent to them a house belonging to the Crown to serve as a boarding-house for the young men of good family who flocked from all parts of Austria, Germany, and the neighbouring countries to profit by the celebrated teaching and sure orthodoxy of the Jesuit masters. Even Protestants sent their sons thither.

Paul and Stanislaus arrived in Vienna in the July of

1564, accompanied, as fitted their rank, by a tutor, John Bilinski, by a Bavarian valet, Pacifici, and two servants. It was a great delight to Stanislaus to live in such a Catholic atmosphere. The boys shared the refectory with the Fathers, and took part in the services in the church on Sundays and holydays. These were celebrated with all possible splendour as a reparation for the Protestant wrecking of sanctuary and of ritual. The altar was our young Saint's place of preference. He loved to hear three Masses every day, and to visit the church at his moments of leisure; and when there in public, he attracted all eyes by his deep though unconscious reverence, as he knelt in the choir stalls saying his beads or Our Lady's Office, often raised up from the ground in ecstasy. But he strove when it was possible to conceal his fervour from his companions by hiding himself behind the benches.

Scarce eight months had passed before the free-thinking Emperor Max, who had succeeded to the throne, reclaimed the boarding house, at the prayer of his protestantizing nobles, from the Jesuits: and though he did not break up the College, the two young brothers had to seek a lodging in the city. Paul chose one in the house of a Lutheran gentleman, who lived in what was then the fashionable quarter, in the midst of all the gaiety and pleasure so attractive to a young nobleman of sixteen. A party of fellow students, two of their cousins, shared the house with them, and they seemed to join as much amusement as possible with the pursuit of their studies. Nor was the tutor much different from them in his tastes.

But the heart of Stanislaus was already set on leaving the world, and he divided all his time, as before between study and prayer. He did not at first show any special talents in class, but by dogged and continuous work he got to the head of the sixth form, or as it is called in Jesuit terminology, the school of Rhetoric. Besides his ordinary tasks, he learned to speak German. Many of his well-filled note books were preserved as relics in Poland, till the great Revolution. He never

wore the brilliant national dress of his countrymen, and one of his great trials was being obliged to learn to dance. Whilst his brothers were playing cards after dinner, he slipped away to visit the Blessed Sacrament in the Jesuit Church. He never would go out with them of an evening to theatres or amusements, but when they had returned and were asleep he rose at midnight to pray for a long time, and then finished with a severe discipline, the effects of which he found it difficult to conceal. Yet there was nothing stiff or morose about him, but, as is ever the case when self-control is all round and complete, Stanislaus was unchangingly bright and merry. His chubby and rosy face won the hearts of those whom he met.

But a life so different from that of his brother and of his brother's boon companions made him, as is often the case, "grievous" unto them "to behold," and Paul would vent his anger by words and even by blows. He beat Stanislaus with a stick, he kicked him, and he reproached him with living the life of a country clown instead of that of a gentleman. He constantly insisted that his father had sent him to Vienna on purpose to go into good society, and to mix with his equals. His companions in their old age owned that they too had joined in this ill treatment, and often jumped upon this holy boy and trampled him under-foot, as though they had stumbled over him by accident, when in the dark he was lying prostrate on the floor of his room rapt in prayer. One night his companions complained that he was keeping them awake by sitting up late to read a spiritual book. Stanislaus, without a word, went to bed, but kept his candle lit at his side to finish his reading. Just as happened to St. Aloysius, he fell asleep; the candle burnt to the socket and set fire to the curtains. The flames and smoke aroused the others. Everything was in a blaze around his head, and they shouted to him to get up. He awoke, leapt out of bed, but not even a hair of his head was touched.

While unwilling to follow his brother to the parties and balls of the city, there was nothing he would not

do for Paul, for he was exceedingly fond of him. He would even tidy his room and clean his boots, and render any service to him however menial. But nothing that he did softened the harshness of his brother or of his companions. They called him "Jesuit" as a word of scorn, and the tutor, if he interfered when Paul actually ill treated his brother, laid all the blame of what our saint suffered on his refusing to live as his station demanded.

The strain became more than Stanislaus could bear. The bad treatment, the perpetual persecution were not perhaps the sole cause. The long night vigils, the self inflicted penances, the constant application of mind, and perhaps as much as any other thing—the unsatisfied yearning for religious life resulted in a dangerous illness during the December of 1566. Was it delirium or a vision of the evil one, when at the outset of his sickness, a great black dog seemed to leap up to his bed to attack him? Three times it came on and three times by the sign of the Cross our saint drove it back and then it altogether disappeared. Stanislaus grew rapidly worse. He asked for the last Sacraments, but no priest could ever be allowed to pass the threshold of the Protestant landlord. This privation was more bitter to our saint than death. He had a great devotion to St. Barbara, and he knew that to her was attributed the special power of obtaining the last Sacraments for the dying. During seven successive nights, Bilinski had watched by the bedside of his charge. Suddenly one evening, Stanislaus touched the tutor and bade him kneel down; "See!" he exclaimed, "St. Barbara is coming into the room with two angels, who are bringing me Holy Communion."

Then the sick boy sprang up in bed and on bended knees repeated three times the *Domine, non sum dignus*. He then opened his mouth, as though he were going to receive, and after that stayed for some time in an attitude of deep reverence. The tutor had become so worn out, that he was at length forced to leave a servant to watch the patient for one night. At day-

break he returned to the sick room and Stanislaus beckoned him to his side, and assured him that he was quite well. Naturally Bilinski thought he was wandering, but the doctors when they came confirmed the statement of the holy youth. What Bilinski did not know, but what Stanislaus told to two of his confessors, was that our Lady had appeared to him and laid her Divine Child on the bed, and that He and the sick youth had embraced and caressed each other. Before the vision disappeared the Blessed Virgin had ordered him enter the Society of Jesus.

This was no new idea to him. For sixteen months the conviction of a real vocation had been in his mind. He had even bound himself by vow to enter religious life. The certainty that his father would refuse consent, the uncertainty whether the Society would receive him had made him keep his counsel to himself. God had called him, of that he could have no doubt. He knew that he "must be about his Father's business," and though he were to cause his earthly father and mother "to seek him sorrowing," he knew his Master's words "that he who loves father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." Longer silence and inaction now became impossible. Stanislaus went to lay his request before Father Maggio, the Provincial of the Austrian Province of the Society of Jesus. That Father was however just setting out on his visitation of Poland, then a part of his province, and he refused to receive the youth against his father's wish. No other reason was needed than that the risk lest such a step might endanger the very existence of his order in a country already deeply tainted by Protestantism.

In vain our saint turned to Cardinal Commendone, the Papal Legate at Vienna, who was at once a firm friend of the Society of Jesus and an old acquaintance of the Kostka family, he had known them when he was Nuncio at Warsaw. Not even the Cardinal was able to shake the determination of the Provincial. Stanislaus then turned with fresh confidence to God. He renewed

the vow he had made, and bound himself to journey the whole world over until he could find some Jesuit house, some Provincial who would accept him.

The Saint addressed himself in confession to a Portuguese Jesuit, Father Antonio, a man of high standing, a former Master of novices, and at that time confessor to the Empress Dowager Mary. This Father whose position gave him a certain liberty of action, made no hasty reply. But after commending the decision to God, he advised the Saint to seek admission from Blessed Peter Canisius, so justly named the Apostle of Germany, who was then Provincial of Upper Germany, and was believed to be at Augsburg. If the Provincial refused, he counselled him to go on as far as Rome and beg the sainted General, St. Francis Borgia himself, to receive him into the Society.

Our Saint prepared for flight by accustoming his brother to his prolonged absences from home. He procured a peasant's dress of course stuff and a straw hat to match, besides a girdle and a pilgrim's staff. When next his brother, with his usual cruelty, attacked him, Stanislaus, instead of bearing it in silence, threatened that if he went on in that way, he would be forced to go away, and that Paul would have to answer for the consequences. This unusual conduct sufficed to throw his brother into a fury and he bade Stanislaus leave at once.

That night our Saint passed in prayer, and early next morning, Sunday the 17th of August, 1567, he went to hear Mass and to receive Holy Communion in the Jesuit church. He obtained from Father Antonio the letter of recommendation which he had promised. As soon as ever he was safely outside the walls of Vienna he renewed his valiant vow. He then changed his clothes, giving those he had taken off, as St. Ignatius had done, to a beggar whom he met. Before leaving he had told the servant that he would not be back for dinner. No one but Father Antonio and a young Hungarian friend, who shared in his aspirations, knew of his decision.

When night came on and Stanislaus did not return,

Paul, Bilinski, and their landlord, Kimberger, felt sure that he had gone to join the Jesuits. Accordingly, early next morning, they went to the college, only to find that he had certainly not been received into the Austrian Province, but had probably gone off to Rome. They returned home in a fury, they cross-questioned the valet, Pacifici, and as soon as day dawned hurried after the fugitive. Bilinski and Kimberger drove off in pursuit in one direction in a carriage, while Paul rode away in another. The two former seem to have come in sight of him, but at that moment their horses—they had gone forty-five miles—stopped dead, nor could the driver make them move an inch further. Paul overtook his brother, but did not recognize him under his disguise although he spoke to him and asked about Stanislaus. The peasant replied that the youth had gone along that road in the early morning. Paul flung some money to the unknown boy, put spurs to his horse and galloped off. He paid the guards of the gates of the various places through which his brother would have to pass, that they should arrest him when he appeared.

Stanislaus thanked our Lady for having protected him, and, when all danger seemed over, pushed forward. Fortunately he met a Jesuit who was on his way to Dillingen, and who, to shelter him, took him past the two next towns in a carriage. But the pilgrim insisted on making the rest of his way on foot. At length he reached Augsburg, apparently in the early morning. Blessed Canisius however was not there, but several miles away, at Dillingen. Stanislaus would brook no delay and started off at once in company with another Jesuit.

Our Saint was still fasting in hopes of receiving Holy Communion and, not many miles further on, he stayed at a wayside church. The hand of the spoiler, alas! had been before him, the church had been *reformed*, neither tabernacle nor Blessed Sacrament was there. Stanislaus burst into tears. But suddenly a throng of glorious angels appeared, lighting up the desecrated sanctuary. One of them bore the Ciborium, and the rest knelt down around our Saint, while once more he received His Lord and Love from heavenly hands.

At Dillingen he found Blessed Peter Canisius in the large Jesuit College, which had been opened in that town. Stanislaus threw himself at his feet and presented him the letter written by Father Antonio. He met with a warm welcome from the holy Provincial, and had Canisius seen his way to it he would have gladly accepted the youth as a member of his own Province. For he must have admired his courage, and, during the short interview, the holy and experienced old man must have read the secret virtue of the soul of Stanislaus. As he was despatching two Jesuits to complete their studies at Rome, B. Peter thought it wisest and safest, according to young Kostka's own wish, to send him along with them. This was surely a Divine overruling, that with the other youthful Saints, Aloysius and John Berchmans, he might glorify the Holy City in life and in death!

Meanwhile to test his constancy, Canisius made the high born Pole act as a servant to the young students in the College. The Saint joyfully embraced the toil and the lowliness of this post. He added to it severe austerities and an almost constant fast. The boys were greatly struck by his gentle humility and readiness to be of service, and his example was to many a call to follow him along the narrow way.

We know but little of the long autumnal journey over Alps and Apennines to the Eternal City. The central house of the Society in Rome—for there were several—was then next to what is now the splendid church of the *Gesù*, wherein the body of St. Ignatius de Loyola is enshrined. The General of the Society of Jesus at that time was the aged St. Francis Borgia, who had left his ducal coronet to wear a heavier crown, to rule over an order which was even then spread throughout the world. He received the travellers on October 25th, 1567, in the little room where his founder had written the Constitutions of the Jesuits. We may be sure he welcomed Stanislaus with special affection, for B. Peter Canisius, in the letter of introduction he had sent, said of him, "I expect great things from him."

One of the great works of St. Francis Borgia during

his Generalate was the organizing separate houses of probation for the novices. It would seem as if the model novice was to inaugurate the first of them, the new house of St. Andrea on the Quirinal, just founded by a lady of royal Spanish blood, Jane de Aragon, the mother of Mark Antony Colonna, the hero of Lepanto. It had been opened only a year before Stanislaus came to Rome.

At first however this house was not large enough to receive all the Jesuit novices at the same time who were then within the Holy City, so that some stayed on at the central house, while others remained at the Roman College, such as it then existed ; or rather the novices were changed about, making part of their two years of trial in each of these different religious houses. Thus all three were hallowed by the presence of our Saint. The life of the Jesuit novice is truly a hidden life, and few, if any, incidents broke the calm of the short ten months which Stanislaus spent in Rome. Among those of various lands who were his companions there were many who had played no unimportant part on the world's stage, and many were in after years to win still purer fame in God's service. But one and all recognized in the gentle Polish youth their master and leader in the path of virtue. The future General of the Society, perhaps the best known, after St. Ignatius, Claud Acquaviva, who had been a prelate in the Vatican, was told off to give the spiritual exercises to the Saint on his arrival, but he owned that his pupil had an abler teacher, for he was taught by the Holy Ghost.

A list of the novices who were contemporaries of our Saint is still in existence. Of these the first was John, one of the old and noble Scottish house of the Hays of Dalgety. With his uncle, Edmund Hay, he had left Scotland in 1562, to become in succession a student of the Catholic Universities of Louvain and Rome. Later on in life, when a Doctor of Divinity he defended the Mystery of the Blessed Eucharist, in Poland, before a multitude of Protestants. None of them dared to reply to his able proofs. And this he did a second time in

the University of Strasburg. He was disguised as a layman, but the learned Chancellor of the time declared that the disputant must be either the devil or a Jesuit. He died Chancellor of the Louvain University at Pont-à-Mousson. In spite of the furious persecution against the faith he succeeded in spending several months in his dear native land labouring for the Catholic cause.

Four Englishmen were in the Roman Noviciate with Stanislaus. Two were sons of Judge Rastall, who, after their birth, sacrificed his high position for his faith and fled from England to Louvain. His mother was a sister of Blessed Thomas More, and the boys were worthy of their illustrious and saintly grandfather. John and Edward were born in ancient Gloucester. John was a true Wykehamite, a student at Winchester College and afterwards at Our Lady's College, Oxford, so well-known as New. There he gained a Fellowship. This he gave up for his faith and entered the Society of Jesus. He became famous for his controversial knowledge. Like his brother, who also became a Jesuit, he passed his later life in the Jesuit Colleges of Germany, as the order had not then entered England.

While Rector of the great house of Ingolstadt, his Provincial, a famous German, Paul Hoffaeus, the fellow worker of the Apostle of Germany, B. Peter Canisius, was dangerously ill. John not only made an offering of his life, that heaven might spare his superior, but urged his subjects to pray for the recovery of the Provincial. Their prayers were heard. God took Father Rastall and spared Hoffaeus.

A third Englishman, Giles Fesard, profited so well by the example of Stanislaus that he was entrusted with the care of the novices at Prague, and died a holy death with the words of the ninety-fourth and thirty-second Psalms on his lips. "Come let us praise the Lord with joy. Rejoice in the Lord, O ye just!"

The fourth English fellow-novice, Christopher Perkins, was, alas! to prove a double-dyed traitor. Turned out from the Society, he became a friend of the Cecils, came back to England, abandoned his faith, and,

though without Orders, was made Protestant Dean of Carlisle. He rose to be Latin Secretary and Envoy Extraordinary to Queen Elizabeth, and played the part of a persecutor of Catholics under James I. He married an aunt of the favourite Buckingham. But he never gained the regard of his countrymen and his conscience was torn with remorse. He lies in a forgotten grave in Westminster Abbey.

Among the many great names of those who were novices at the same time, two stand out in the history of the Eastern Missions. First and foremost is Blessed Rodolf Acquaviva, who fought his way into the Noviciate against the wish of his father, the Duke of Atri. He was refused in consequence by the saintly General, St. Francis Borgia. St. Pius V. who was then Pope, at last interfered and gained the father's consent. The soul of Rodolf was full of a desire to go to Hindustan, the goal of so many holy hearts, since St. Francis Xavier had shown the way. He became the founder of the Mission of Central India, afterwards transferred to Agra, and which has existed from those days till our own. The most remarkable of the race of Mohammedan rulers of India, the Emperor Akbar, conceived the greatest regard for him and lodged him in a portion of his palace, in the marvellous city of Fatehpur-sikri, which he had created like a fairy dream in a brief space of time. To this day the ruins are an object of astonishment to all who behold them. There Rodolf had a public chapel, and by his ardent prayers and wonderful power of holiness, by his ready use of the Persian tongue—the language of the court—he strove to win to God the mighty ruler. But Akbar was a man before his time and if neither a fanatical Hindoo nor a believing Musselman, was, like so many men of our own days with no religious convictions, save those which were dictated by his interests or his fancy. God who shielded Blessed Rodolf in the midst of that royal city, had reserved for him a martyr's death in Salsette of Goa.

Alexander Valignani, a young Piedmontese gentleman

who had been thinking of entering the army, took to study and won the Doctor's cap at nineteen, in the great University of Padua. When, from the path of promotion, he was called to the Society, he never halted on the path of perfection. He was made master of Novices when he had but lately finished his own Noviciate, and was then sent with full powers as visitor of the Jesuit Missions in the Far East. India, China, and Japan, were for thirty-three years the scenes of his unwearying labours, and God called him to his reward, as He had called his great model, St. Francis Xavier, on a little island, over against the mainland of China.

Obedience, the flower of a Jesuit's virtue, was with Stanislaus so perfect that not even a thought ever rose in his mind against any command, nor did any present the slightest difficulty to him. Neither did he ever fail through the fickle member—the tongue, so thoughtful was he before he spoke, so gentle and so wise were his words. They were full too of charm and set all hearts on fire with love of God, coming as they did from a heart aflame with ardent charity. He had a special gift of lifting the conversation in a joyous and easy way up to highest thoughts. Our Lady and the privilege of a religious vocation seemed his favourite topics. His face would flush and tears of joy would come to his eyes when he thought of this grace. He had written out those of the rules which concerned him and carried the copy always about him. One page of this is still treasured as a precious relic.

His countenance, which had grown pale by sickness, breathed forth a sort of fragrance of holiness that drove out evil thoughts from tempted minds and fostered holy desires in those who saw him. His very portrait seemed to have this effect. He crucified his flesh by every means that his superiors would allow, and he ever thirsted for more penance. One of our English Confessors, Father James Bosgrove, who escaped the traitor's death at Tyburn only by being reprieved while on the road, met St. Stanislaus one day in the streets of Rome. The cruel imprisonment he afterwards

endured in the London prisons, the tortures he went through therein never blotted out the impression which that angel face had made upon him. The prayer of our Saint grew more ardent as his end drew nearer. To him, as to St. Aloysius, distraction was unknown. His day was in fact almost an unbroken prayer. His modest down-cast eyes used ever and again to be cast upwards towards heaven with a deep sigh—as of earnest longing. He went about the house as if lost to all but God, and his lips moved in colloquy with Him. His eyes were constantly brimming over with tears, and in time of prayer these flowed down in streams. Often he seemed rapt in ecstasy.

As on the face of Moses, so the reflection of God's presence was seen at times in this angelic youth, and his face shone as a flame. But still more frequently the divine fire which burnt within his heart produced such effects that he was unable to conceal them, for the heat within was so intense that it brought on spasms and fainting fits. Again and again clothes dipped in the chill water of the garden fountain had to be applied to his chest, or during the winter time he walked out in the novices' garden, when the bitter north wind was blowing, that it might temper the flame that consumed him and was wasting away the structure of his earthly tenement. His superiors gave him in charge of one of the novices, a doctor by profession, with orders to watch over him and use any restoratives that science could apply. His love of Mary was, after that of Jesus, the reigning power of his soul. He could not find phrases sufficient to express her worth, and the Rosary and Little Office were recited by him every day with a visible delight.

In the early part of the summer of 1568, B. Peter Canisius had come to Rome, summoned by St. Pius V. to give his advice as to the means of advancing the faith in Germany. The Novice-master invited this saintly and experienced man to come and give a spiritual exhortation to his little flock, and many of the Fathers from the other houses in the holy city asked and obtained permission to be present. It was the 1st of

August, the harvest time, when the Romans make merry as though to brave the deadly fever which then stalks over Rome. He took for his text a local proverb—*Ferrare Agosto*—Welcome to August; and he taught from it the wise lesson to enter upon each month as if it were our last, and to get ready by fresh diligence to meet our God.

It was the custom for the novices after an exhortation, to gather in little groups and talk over what they had heard. Stanislaus said that while the warning was useful for all, to him it came as a summons from God that he should die that month. He was in his ordinary health and no one seems to have attached much weight to what he said. That same day, as is the custom in many religious houses, each novice drew from a heap of tickets the name of a patron Saint of the new month. The martyr St. Laurence fell to Stanislaus. He asked his superiors to allow him a long list of penances in the Saint's honour. But they refused permission for the larger portion. Four days after, Stanislaus went on a visit to his favourite sanctuary of our Lady, the Madonna of St. Luke at St. Mary Major's: it was the beautiful festival of the Dedication of the Basilica, when a miraculous fall of snow had marked out the site of the church and gained for that day the title of Our Lady of the Snow. He had for a companion a venerable old professor of Sacred Scripture. Talking on the way about the coming feast of Our Lady's Assumption, which is kept so solemnly every year at St. Mary Major's, the young Saint plainly said he hoped to witness it in heaven. The Father thought he only meant that he would see its glories in spirit.

On the 9th of August, the eve of St. Laurence, he performed a public penance in the refectory, and went next morning to Holy Communion. He carried on his breast a letter, addressed to our Lady, begging for the privilege of being admitted to enjoy the coming feast of the Assumption in Heaven, and imploring St. Laurence to present this his request to Mary and to further it by his prayer. He spent that morning working in the

kitchen. The fire and no doubt the heat reminded him at once of hell and of the martyrdom of his patron on the gridiron. Before the day was done Stanislaus felt so ill that he was forced to inform the Brother, who had charge of him, and as he was being carried up stairs to his bed, he again said that he should die in a few days. His Master of Novices and Claud Acquaviva came to visit him, and to both he told the request he had made to his heavenly Mother, and that he hoped by that time his prayer was heard. On Friday two days later, a slight tertian fever declared itself and he was borne in the arms of a German novice, whom he had known in Dillingen, up to another and more airy room. When he reached it, he knelt down beside the bed and prayed for a short time, and then before getting into it, he blessed it and said, "I shall never get up again," adding, to calm the sorrow of those round about him, "At least, if it please God!"

Sunday came, the eve of the Assumption, and, though no serious symptoms had shown themselves, the Saint assured a Brother who was waiting on him that he would die that night. "It would need a greater miracle for you to die of so slight an illness, than to be cured of it;" was the reply, "unless indeed our Lady wishes you to spend the Assumption with her in heaven." But before the day was half past a sudden fainting fit, accompanied by the loss of strength, showed that his words were too true. "O man of little heart!" said the Novice-master laughingly, as the patient regained consciousness; "do you lose courage for so slight a matter?" "I am a man of little heart," replied the Saint; "but the matter is not so light, for I shall die of it." The symptoms grew more serious, and at nightfall he made his confession, and the Holy Viaticum was brought to him. The sight of his Lord revived him. His whole frame trembled with emotion, while the light came back to his eyes. As the novices knelt around him, weeping bitterly at his approaching death, he humbly begged pardon for the faults he had committed and thanked his superiors for their great

goodness to him. He especially begged that the Father General should receive his expression of gratitude for having received him into the Order. Then with deep devotion he made his last Communion, and received Extreme Unction. He reverently repeated all the responses of the holy rites.

One thing alone troubled him, a doubt as to whether he had been ever confirmed. The state of things in Poland in Austria and Germany, and the short time Stanislaus had been in Rome would have accounted for the omission had there been any. It was urged that it was now too late, and one of the Fathers comforted him by recalling the singular graces which he had received, and he thus regained his peace of mind.

After receiving Extreme Unction, he repeated his confession to gain the Indulgence granted at the hour of death. Then the dying youth talked for a brief space, his face all beaming, to those around him. A blessed rosary was put into his hands and the Father, who had had charge of him when at the Professed house, and had come to visit him, asked him,—for he kept on kissing the medal,—what he was doing with his beads. “They are my most blessed Mother’s,” he replied with a bright smile. “Courage,” the Father said, “for you will soon see your Mother and be able to kiss her hand!” The very thought transported him with such joy that he lifted up his hands and eyes, as though he already beheld her. He kept repeating the holy names, and then every now and again, “My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready!”

Stanislaus for a third time made his confession. He had asked time after time to be laid on the ground that he might die as a penitent. At last the request was so far granted that a pallet was stretched on the floor and he was placed upon it. The night was wearing on. He inquired about his fellow novices and when he found they had gone to bed he renewed his messages and greeting, and begged again their forgiveness for all the scandal he had given! There were kneeling around him his two Novice-masters and a few other

members of the community. As he felt his hour draw nigh, he said to his confessor, "The time is short." "Yes," the Father replied, "it remains"—; "That we be ready," added the Saint.

Then he followed fervently some other prayers said by the Fathers, grasping his crucifix all the while. They feared to tire him; but when they ceased, he at once began to pour out his soul in Latin, thanking God for all His favours, especially for having died for him and for having called him to religious life. Then he kissed devoutly the wounds of his Crucified Lord and bowed his head over the Crown of Thorns. He called for a little note book in which he had marked down his monthly patrons, and begged those around to pray to those Saints for him. He was asked if he were prepared to die and his joyous reply was, "My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready!"

The morning of our Lady's Assumption was come, the dawn was near. Suddenly he ceased his prayers, and his face beamed with a wonderful joy. He gazed around the room and seemed as though he wished those present to join in an act of reverence to some high and holy personage who was present. He kept saying that he saw distinctly Mary and a band of angels—and then the face with the radiant smile upon it settled down into the peace of death. Stanislaus lay there with a blessed candle in one hand, his crucifix and rosary in the other. The bystanders looked at each other as if to ask whether or no he were dead. One of them raised to Stanislaus' eyes a picture of our Lady which lay beside him. This had always met with a response. Now there was none. It was evident that his soul had gone to God. It was shortly after three when he entered upon his reward.

We almost seem to know St. Stanislaus, with his pleasing but pale face, though with a bright flush on his cheeks and his eyes bright when not dimmed by a mist of tears. He was of middle height, full grown and strong. As in the beautiful statue at Rome, so did his brethren find him, when rising at an early hour they

saw him lying as though in a calm sleep, but gone from them to God

After Stanislaus' flight from Vienna, Paul Kostka had returned to his father in Poland and both of them were very indignant at what had happened. The old Castellan wrote a violent letter to Stanislaus, which reached him while still alive, threatening to come himself and bring the fugitive back in chains. The Saint sent back a firm but gentle reply, and Paul was despatched to Rome to carry out his father's threat, but did not arrive until a month after his brother's death, only to find the whole city ringing with the fame of the sanctity of Stanislaus. He returned home a changed man. The funeral had been attended by crowds, and the fame of our Saint's holiness spread quickly to Poland. Two years later 1569 the body was found incorrupt. A versified life of the saint was published at Krakow in 1570, and, in 1602, Clement VIII. gave an authorization for the work to be published in Rome and in the Brief he five times called Stanislaus by the name of Blessed.

The news of this honour was received with rapture in Poland, and the family of Kostka especially shared in the universal joy. Our Saint's father and mother and two brothers were then living, though the father and Albert, one of his sons, died shortly after. Even before the death of his holy mother, Paul gave himself up to a life of great prayer, austerity and charity. He even begged to be received into the Society of Jesus, though then a broken-down old man. The permission was granted, but he passed away before he could carry out his designs. He had never ceased to lament to the very end with bitter tears his cruelty to his holy brother. Strangely enough he died on the 13th of November, 1605, the day of the month afterwards chosen for the Saint's feast. The tutor, Bilinski, became a priest, and conceived great devotion for his holy pupil. He died with the portrait of the holy youth before him and St. Stanislaus came to comfort him in his agony.

In a crisis when Poland, the bulwark of Christendom, seemed to be going down before the hordes of the Great Turk, the king of that valiant country sent to Rome to beg for the skull of St. Stanislaus. The Poles had chosen the saint for one of their national patrons. The victory of Chocim, in **1621**, was attributed to the arrival of the precious relic. Nor was this the only time when his countrymen owed to his intercession their safety in moments of like peril. The great John Sobieski held with a small force a post for twenty days against a Turkish force fifteen times more numerous than his own, and this success he attributed to the intercession of St. Stanislaus.

It was on the 13th of November that St. Stanislaus' remains were translated to the exquisite little church where they now repose. In **1726** the holy Dominican, Pope Benedict XIII., raised St. Stanislaus with his brother Saint, Aloysius Gonzaga, to the highest honours of the altar, that of a canonized Saint.

During the evil days of French invasion a good Canon, at great peril to himself, received the precious relics from St. Andrea's and carried them for safety to Austria. When Pius VII. came to his own again, the relics were restored. But the powers that be have not respected a sanctuary hallowed by so many Saints and by the tomb of one of the Kings of Savoy, who had laid down his crown to become a lay-brother of the Society of Jesus in that holy house. The noviciate was pulled down in spite of the petitions of the ladies of Poland, and the graceful statue and memories of the Saint were transferred to a new building alongside the church. The skull, or at least a portion of it, escaped the perils of the revolutionary wars, and this is now the precious treasure of the exiled Fathers of the German Province of the Society of Jesus.

May the memory of our brave young Saint be a shield to the youth of every land in moments of danger! May he intercede for his heroic Fatherland! And may young and old alike follow him in his devotion to Our Lord and in his deep affection for Our Lady!



St. Wilfrid

(634-709).

BY THE REV. WILFRID DALLOW.

“IT is to St. Wilfrid, and to his brave and untiring appeals to the Apostolic See, that this country owes its salvation from internal schism, and the stability of an ecclesiastical organization which was to be proof against many a storm in days to come” (Pastoral of the English Episcopate, June 1893, p. 11).

Introductory.

A study of the life of St. Wilfrid seems not unfitting at the present time, when certain misguided individuals are endeavouring to persuade the people of this country that the old Church of England was never Roman, but lived independent of the See of Peter. At a time, too, when Leo XIII. has shown such a deep interest in our island by his recent letter “Ad Anglos,” it seems most opportune to show the interest felt for our Saxon forefathers by the Roman Pontiff, in the seventh century. St. Wilfrid was the first to carry an appeal to Rome, the first to make the supreme power of the Holy See felt throughout the land. In short, he strove to save us from being a “National Church,” and to make us *Roman*

Catholics. Those famous words of the Apostle of Ireland are the motto of Wilfrid's whole life and labours: "*Ut Christiani ita ut Romani sitis*: As you are the children of Christ, so be you the children of Rome."

In the course of a long and toiling episcopate, which lasted some forty-four years, he was often in conflict with the rough-handed Saxon kings in defence of the rights of the Church, and was often, too, cruelly misunderstood by his friends. Yet, after a long life, worn out with calumny and persecution, this great soldier of the Church Militant fought the good fight with an unconquerable patience and an energy unsleeping. "He glorified him in sight of kings, and gave him commandments in the sight of his people, and showed him His glory" (*Ecclesiasticus*, xlv. 3).

I. Wilfrid the Monk.

The life of our saint was compiled by his trusty friend and faithful companion, the monk Eddi Stephani, and is regarded as one of the oldest monuments of Anglo-Saxon literature. It is alluded to and quoted by St. Bede, the Venerable, in his *History of the Saxon Church*. Neither the names of his parents nor the place of his birth have come down to us, though the date of the latter is given as 634. He came of a noble stock, and a remarkable prodigy is said to have occurred at his entrance into this world. The whole house seemed to be enveloped in flames, and when the startled neighbours ran together to learn the cause thereof, they were assured by the servants of the household, that it was not a fire, but that a child was just born. Such a divine manifestation naturally became noised abroad, and many would doubtless say to one another what the people of Judæa said concerning the infant Baptist: "What a one, think ye, shall this child be?"

Wilfrid, when very young, lost his mother, and, his father taking a second wife, he became the prey of a step-mother's harshness. When thirteen years of age, he could endure it no longer, and, asking his father for horses and servants, he went to the court of Oswy,

King of Northumbria. Here he sought the pious Queen Eanfleda, daughter of the martyr-king Edwin. The young Wilfrid soon grew dissatisfied with court life; sighing for the religious state, he renounced all public and military service, and, in charge of an old servant of the Queen, entered the great monastery of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island. Here, his gracious manners, which everywhere made him such a favourite, and also his great mental powers, endeared him to all the monks. He soon accomplished the first duty of a novice in those days, that of learning the entire Psalter of David by heart. St. Bede styles him a "clear-sighted youth," and this title gives us the key to what at first appears a remarkable course in one so young. It was not long ere Wilfrid began to discover that all was not quite perfect in those Celtic traditions of which Lindisfarne was at that time the reputed stronghold. Hence, he determined to seek the fountain head of all spiritual authority, and to undertake, what as yet no Anglo-Saxon had ventured upon, a journey to Rome. From this bold idea he was not in the least dissuaded, but it was cordially encouraged by his monastic brethren.

Accordingly he set out on his journey; but on arriving at Canterbury, he so won the heart of King Ercombert by his piety, that he was detained a year at his court. Here our saint had leisure to study the Roman usage, under the Archbishop, St. Honorius—one of the disciples of St. Augustine, and his fourth successor in the see. He began by learning the special version of the Psalter here in use, viz., that of Rome; for the one favoured at Lindisfarne was the translation made by St. Jerome, and a later edition. It must have proved an irksome task, involving no little time and labour, but it was a work of love, because it brought him nearer to Rome. This love of unity with everything Roman, even in such minor details, is the secret of his whole life.

At length, in 654, he again set forth on his journey, in company with another young nobleman from Northumbria, Bennet Biscop. On arriving at Lyons, the latter pushed on to Rome, but Wilfrid tarried a year with Delphinus, the Archbishop, who, mistaking

the saint's vocation, offered him his niece in marriage, and the post of magistrate. His kind offers were refused, but as he bade adieu to his generous patron, he promised to visit him again on his return.

On reaching Rome, he soon found a friend in the Archdeacon Boniface, secretary to St. Martin, the Pope. Here, he studied most carefully the Paschal computation as to the right day for the celebration of Easter, and the rules of ecclesiastical discipline. His interview with the Pontiff was of the warmest kind, and St. Martin dismissed him with a special prayer and a blessing.

On revisiting Lyons, he received an affectionate welcome from Delphinus, with whom he stayed three years, receiving from him the Roman tonsure.* His visit was brought to a sad and abrupt end by a persecution which broke out, in which his patron and seven other bishops received the crown of martyrdom. As Delphinus was led away to death he forbade Wilfrid to follow him, but the latter, in words like those St. Lawrence spoke to St. Sixtus, cried out that the father and son ought to die together. He was stripped ready for death, and the martyr's palm seemed almost in his grasp, when one of the officers, hearing that he was a Saxon from over the seas, forbade the execution. Wilfrid, having recovered the body of the Bishop, gave it honourable burial, after which he started home.

On reaching the north he was summoned to the court of Oswy by his pious son Alchfrid, who, at his father's request, was aiding him in governing the kingdom. So strong an affection sprang up between this young prince and our saint, that Bede compares it to the love of David and Jonathan. Alchfrid had founded a new monastery at Ripon,† at the junction of two rivers, the

* There were in use at this time three forms of the tonsure. 1. St. Peter's, which left only a circle of hair round the head, to typify the Crown of Thorns. 2. The Oriental, called St. Paul's, where the whole head was shaved. 3. The Celtic, where the hair was cut in front from ear to ear.

† The word Ripon seems to be a corruption of the Latin words. "In Ripam," i.e. "on the bank." The old word for this town was Inrypum.

Skell and the Nidd, in the heart of Deira, or Yorkshire. The first monks came from Melrose Abbey, under the Abbot Eata, and amongst them was the great St. Cuthbert. The endowment was a large tract of land inhabited by forty families. Acting under Wilfrid's influence, Alchfrid required the brethren to abandon the Celtic time of keeping the Paschal solemnities, and conform to that of Rome. Rather than submit, Eata and Cuthbert returned to Melrose, whereupon Wilfrid was installed as Abbot. There happened at that time to be on a visit to Oswy, Agilbert Bishop of Wessex, —a Frank by birth, educated in Ireland—from whose hands our saint received the priesthood.

The new Abbot of Ripon now used all his influence in the north to win over the clergy to the proper time of keeping Easter, and the agitation which he thus brought about led to the famous Council of Whitby, which settled this grave matter once for all. Wilfrid had to work all alone, and he met with stout opposition even from those who were in after years revered as saints. If, as is probable, he was aware of what had happened in Ireland thirty years before, he thereby received fresh courage for his task. At Seighton, a council of Irish clergy had been held to settle this vexed question, when, hearing from messengers sent to Rome that all the nations kept Easter at the same time that Rome did, the clergy of the south of Ireland gave in. In the north however, and at Iona, they adhered obstinately to the old Celtic traditions.

Strange to relate, even in the King's palace Easter was kept on different days, Oswy keeping to the Celtic calculation and his wife, Eanfleda, that of Rome. Thus, as Bede relates, there came to pass the painful anomaly of the King and his court observing Easter with suitable rejoicings on the same day which the Queen with her chaplain and suite kept as Palm-Sunday. The whole difficulty arose from the fact that about the year 525, in consequence of sundry errors being discovered, a new Paschal cycle was adopted (and has been adhered to ever since), which limits the celebration of Easter to the interval between March the 22nd, and April the 24th.

The Celtic Church in the West of Europe, cut off by distance from communication with Rome, had received no news of this, and naturally retained the Jewish cycle.

To settle this dispute and put an end to what was little less than a scandal, a conference was called by Oswy, at Whitby, in Yorkshire, in 664, at which both the parties assembled in large numbers. On the one side appeared Colman, Bishop of Lindisfarne, and his monks, along with St. Cedd, Bishop of London, and St. Hilda, Abbess of Whitby, niece of St. Edwin, King and Martyr. On the other, were ranged Bishop Agilbert, Prince Alchfrid, and Abbot Wilfrid, who was supported by Romanus, a priest of Canterbury, and the aged Deacon James, only surviving disciple of St. Paulinus.

Being assembled, either in the great abbey of which but a scanty ruin remains, or on the green sward of the cliff overlooking the German Ocean, Oswy began by asking that there should be one rule of life and discipline for those who worshipped a common Lord and God.

Colman, being invited, then rose up and stated his case, viz., that his forefathers had ever kept the Paschal computation of Blessed Columbkille, which had been handed down from St. John, the Apostle and Evangelist. Agilbert, being now called upon, made Wilfrid his spokesman, not being fluent in the Saxon tongue.

Then Wilfrid, being ordered by the King to speak, delivered himself thus: "The Easter which we observe we saw celebrated by all at Rome, where the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul taught, suffered and were buried; we saw the same done in Italy, and in France, when we travelled through these countries for pilgrimage and prayer. We find the same practised in Africa, Asia, Egypt, Greece, and all the world, wherever the Church of Christ is spread abroad, through several nations and tongues at one and the same time; except only these and their accomplices in obstinacy, I mean the Picts and Britons, who foolishly, in these two remote islands of the world, and only in part even of them, oppose all the rest of the universe." When he had so said, Colman answered, "It is strange that you will call our

labours foolish, wherein we follow the example of so great an Apostle, who was thought worthy to rest his head on our Lord's bosom, when all the world knows him to have lived most wisely." Wilfrid answered, "Far be it from us to charge John with folly, for he literally observed the precepts of the Jewish law, whilst the Church judaized in many points, and the Apostles were not able at once to cast off all the observances of the law which had been instituted by God: as it is necessary that all who come to the faith should forsake the idols which were invented by devils, that they might not give scandal to the Jews that were among the Gentiles. . . . But when Peter preached at Rome, being mindful that our Lord rose from the dead and gave the world the hopes of resurrection on the first day after the sabbath, he understood that Easter ought to be observed, so as always to stay till the rising of the moon on the fourteenth day of the first moon, in the evening, according to the custom and precepts of the law, even as John did." The dispute continued with much warmth, until a remark of Wilfrid brought matters to a crisis. Our saint, whilst fully admitting the piety of Columba and the Scottish Saints, declared that these examples, even that of St. John himself, could not be put against that Apostle to whom Christ had said; "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church; the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."†

King Oswy straightway asked Colman if these words were really spoken to Peter, and the latter admitted that they were, as did all the council. Then the King declared that as Peter was the porter of heaven he dared not oppose him, lest there be none to open to himself. The entire assembly, as Bede testifies, "held up their hands" in token of their agreement.

Thus was settled this most weighty question, which if prolonged, might possibly have ended in schism,

* This account by St. Bede is given as translated in Faber's *Life of St. Wilfrid*.

† St. Matt. xvi.

Colman, feeling himself unable to receive the decision, humbly resigned his bishopric and withdrew to Iona, along with those monks who, like himself, refused to adopt the Roman Easter and the Roman tonsure. They took away with them the bones of St. Aidan, founder of the see of Lindisfarne.

II. Wilfrid the Bishop. 664.

Tuda, the successor of Colman, having died of the plague, Wilfrid was soon selected to fill his place. At first he pleaded his own unworthiness, but finally accepted the spiritual burthen, and repaired to Paris, in order to receive from his old friend Agilbert episcopal consecration. Eleven other bishops took part in the function, and, according to an ancient rite of the Gallic Church, he was carried by the prelates in a golden chair round the church, amidst hymns of joy. On his return to England, Wilfrid and his clergy were stranded on the coast of Sussex, where they were in danger of their lives from the pagan inhabitants; but their barque, floating again with the next tide, safely landed them in the port of Sandwich.

Meanwhile affairs had taken a sad turn in Northumbria; and Oswy, impatient at Wilfrid's delay, procured another to take the vacant see. This was St. Chad, who had been consecrated by Wine, Bishop of Winchester, and whom Wilfrid on his arrival found in possession of his diocese. Our saint, though but thirty years of age, had the patience and self-restraint of maturer years, and thus, at this trying moment, he retired to his abbey of Ripon, where he remained until his restoration five years later, in 669. The see of Canterbury being vacant, King Egbert sent for Wilfrid to administer it and ordain clergy, until the new Archbishop, St. Theodore, a Greek, should have arrived from Rome. The former then retired to Yorkshire, taking with him the monks, Eddi and Eona, both skilled in Gregorian chant, and a band of architects and masons. But most important of all, he introduced the Rule of St. Benedict for the first

time into the north of the island, and into his abbey of Ripon.

The new Primate, though sixty-seven years of age, began with vigour to make a general visitation of the whole country, and in due course restored St. Wilfrid to his see. The humble Chad gladly gave way, and retired into a monastery, from which, however, he was afterwards withdrawn by our saint, and made Bishop of Mercia, the present diocese of Lichfield. What seems curious is that Wilfrid was not made Bishop of Lindisfarne, but was installed in the important see of York, founded by St. Paulinus. He never received the Pallium, and hence was never an Archbishop. *

Our saint now entered with great zeal upon the labours of his large diocese. He began by restoring the old Cathedral of York, which, after the departure of St. Paulinus, had got into a most ruinous condition; and, amongst other valuable gifts, gave a copy of the Gospels in letters of gold on purple vellum. His care was next directed to his abbey of Ripon, where he built an entirely new church, all of stone, the remains of which are considered to be the crypt of the present cathedral. At the solemn dedication of this church to St. Peter, in 670, our saint entertained two Saxon princes, Egfrid and Elfwin, and a concourse of abbots and magistrates. He now turned his attention to a spot called Hevenfield, or Hegilstad, in the valley of the Tyne, where St. Oswald won a victory over his pagan foes. Here, where stands the modern Hexham, on the patrimony of St. Etheldreda, abbess of Ely, he built a noble church of stone, in honour of St. Andrew. The crypt, like that of Ripon, is said to be Saxon architecture, and is probably the work of St. Wilfrid.

The visitation of his vast diocese, extending from the Humber to the Clyde, was usually done on foot, until

* Various reasons are assigned for this. One is that St. Paulinus, flying to the south, after Edwin's death, carried with him the Pallium, so to speak. The Pallium was not again given until Egbert came in 734, nor did St. Wilfrid ever ask for the dignity.

the Primate ordered him to use a horse. He soon became famous for his austerities, and was deeply loved by all the people, who in the various towns and villages he passed through thronged after him to receive Confirmation. On one occasion a miracle occurred, which seemed to raise him still more in the eyes of all. It is narrated that, at the village of Tiddafrey, in Yorkshire, a woman, distracted with grief, pushed her way through the crowd and presented to the Bishop her infant son, recently dead. Prostrating herself at his feet she besought him to restore her child to life. Wilfrid, full of anguish and compassion, having prayed earnestly to God on his knees, arose, and laying his hand on the child's heart, the little one came to life again. Having then baptized it, he exacted a promise from the grateful mother, that when her son should be seven years old, he should be given to the Church. She kept her word, and he became a monk at Ripon Abbey.

Thus, did Wilfrid fulfil the various duties of his toilsome ministry, preaching, baptizing, confirming; and also, by means of Eddi, his precentor, spreading everywhere a knowledge of Gregorian chant. "In vigil and in prayer," cries out his faithful chronicler, "who was like him?" But such peaceful times were not to last for ever, and after nine years a sudden change came.

III. Wilfrid's Trials, Imprisonment and Exile.

About the year 673, St. Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, held a Synod at Thetford (or Hertford), at which he manifested a strong desire to split up the more extensive sees into smaller ones, and increase thereby the number of bishops. But, by canon law, no diocese can be divided without permission of the ruling prelate.

Now it happened that Egfrid and Ermenburga, who sat on the throne of Northumbria, entertained a deadly hatred towards St. Wilfrid. Accordingly, under the specious pretext of zeal for God's Church, they sent to the Archbishop their most earnest solicitations that the

large see of York should be divided into at least three parts. They went so far as to accuse Wilfrid of pride, tyranny and luxury, though the saint's whole manner of life openly gave the lie to such accusations. They finally demanded his instant deposition, backing up their impudent request with powerful bribes.

Theodore does not seem to have been aware of the utter insincerity of this wily King, and that a royal scheme of church spoilation lay at the bottom of the proposed division of St. Wilfrid's diocese. Accordingly, this extensive Bishopric of York was actually split up into four new sees. To Wilfrid was assigned Lindisfarne, whilst Bosa received York, and Eata Hexham. Such an arrangement as this, carried out without any consultation with our saint, would doubtlessly seem all the more painful as well as unjust, when we remember how nobly he had restored the old Cathedral of York, and had built the first stone church at Hexham. This Eata, too, was the same Abbot who had retired from the abbey of Ripon rather than accept the Roman time of keeping Easter, and was superseded by Wilfrid. Now, by the irony of fate, matters were exactly reversed.

The first step of the deposed Bishop was to consult with his episcopal brethren, who strongly advised resistance. Wilfrid, therefore, appeared before the King and his council, and demanded the motives for such unjust treatment. He received for answer that no crime was alleged against him, but that the decrees of the Archbishop would be strictly carried out. Then St. Wilfrid, with an intrepidity worthy of an Anselm or a Thomas à Becket, cried out, "I appeal to the judgement of the Holy See!" This is the first case in our island of an appeal to the Roman Pontiff and the Chair of Peter, and is consequently an event of extreme importance in the history of the Catholic Church in Great Britain. As he left the assembly, the rude Saxon nobles laughed scornfully at the unflinching warrior of Christ, who turning to them said: "You who laugh to-day at my expense, will this day next year be weeping at your own!" This prophecy came but

too true, for in a year's time the corpse of the younger brother and heir of Egfrid, slain in war with the Mercians, was brought home for burial amidst universal mourning. Those who meddle with the Church's rights seldom prosper, and during the remainder of Egfrid's reign all his encounters with his enemies ended in woeful defeat.

Wilfrid accompanied by his faithful monk, Eddi, tore himself away with a heavy heart from the diocese where he had been known and loved so long, and to which he had introduced with such zeal the Roman discipline and the Rule of St. Benedict. In this, his second journey to the Eternal City, he was no longer a mere pilgrim but a persecuted bishop, appealing for justice at the centre of all authority, the Chair of St. Peter.

So relentless were his enemies that his very life was attempted. Messages and gifts were sent to the cruel governor Ebroin, who had martyred Wilfrid's patron, St. Delphinus; and it seemed as though this time our Saint would not escape death so easily as he did before. Either warned of his danger, or else guided by the west wind, Wilfrid drifted upon the shore of Friesland, in Germany. The warlike people received the exile with hospitality, whilst he in turn gave them the inestimable blessing of the Gospel. Unmindful of his important errand, and full of holy unselfishness, Wilfrid spent the entire winter in these holy labours, baptizing the chiefs, with thousands of people. Even here, however, the implacable hatred of his foes pursued him. Ebroin sent a bag of gold coins to the King, as the price of Wilfrid, alive or dead. But the noble-hearted Frisian scorned the offer, and after reading aloud the letter of Ebroin at a public banquet, he cast it into the fire before the bearers, who retired in dismay. During so brief a visit to this country, great results could hardly be expected. The work was one day to be completed by another saint, who was that moment a monk at Ripon, having been brought there and entrusted to Wilfrid by his mother in early childhood,—the famous St. Willibrord.

On passing through Austrasia, our Saint was received

with much warmth by King Dagobert II., who had passed his youth in an Irish monastery (probably Slane), and on his homeward journey had received great hospitality at Ripon Abbey. In his gratitude, he thrust the bishopric of Strasburg upon the exiled Bishop, which the latter refused, and continued on his journey through Lombardy. Here, again, his enemies demanded his death from Berthaire the king, who nobly refused to commit such a crime, and sent Wilfrid on to Rome, with a special escort to guard his person.

Arrived at his journey's end in August, 679, our saint hastened to make known his cause to Pope Agatho, who called a council of fifty bishops in the Lateran Basilica to discuss the affair. The result of these deliberations was that the Pope passed a solemn decree, by which Wilfrid's see was to be restored to him entire, and that he was to have such coadjutors to aid him as he himself would make choice of at a synod of his own clergy. The bishops who had been intruded into the various portions of his diocese were at the same time to be removed.

The Bishop of York delayed some months in Rome, and was invited to sit at a council of 125 bishops, specially convened by the Pope to condemn the Monothelite heresy, at Easter, 680. He also obtained the solemn confirmation of a charter for the new Abbey of Peterborough, amongst the other privileges granted to which was that all pilgrims who through ill health or weakness were unable to visit the City of Peter, might enjoy the same indulgences by visiting this Burg, or City of Peter, in England.

When St. Wilfrid arrived home once more he went to Northumbria, but it was with some difficulty that he procured an audience with the King. Presenting his sealed letters from the Roman Pontiff, they were ordered by Egfrid to be opened and read before the council. The latter declared that they had been procured by false representations and bribery, whereupon St. Wilfrid was thrown into prison. Here he was plundered of all his possessions, and the precious reliquary he had brought from Rome was seized upon by the wicked Queen

Ermenburga, and hung up in her room. Offrith, the keeper of the dark dungeon wherein our saint was confined, perceived one day through the chinks of the door that the room was full of a heavenly light. Startled by this prodigy, and moved yet more by a miracle wrought by the saint on his wife, by the cure of an abscess in the throat, he boldly told the King that he would guard the "man of God" no longer. Accordingly the prisoner was removed to Dunbar, where also another prodigy occurred, which had no effect on his new gaoler who was a man of ferocious disposition. When the iron chains were placed upon the saint's limbs, they fell off or snapped asunder. The hands that had baptized and confirmed so many thousands, the feet that had borne him hither and thither to "preach the Gospel of peace" refused to be fettered: "*verbum Dei non est alligatum*" (2 Tim. ii. 9). Egfrid had the effrontery to offer his captive a part of his bishopric and with it many handsome gifts, if he would but acknowledge the Pope's letter to be false. Wilfrid bravely answered the tyrant that he would lose his head rather than be guilty of such a crime.

Meanwhile, the King and Queen being on a tour through the north, came to the Abbey of Coldingham, where the latter was seized with a severe attack of delirium which brought her to death's door. St. Ebba, the abbess, severely reproached her royal nephew for his cruelty to Wilfrid. She declared that if he were not liberated and his reliquary restored to him, further punishments would follow from the hand of God. She was immediately obeyed.

The Bishop of York, being set at liberty, fled with a few friends for safety to Mercia, but King Ethelred's wife being sister to Egfrid, he was ordered to leave that kingdom without delay. He then sought an asylum in Wessex, but here also the hatred of another queen drove him out, for the wife of Kenwin was the sister of Ermenburga. Thus, pursued through nearly the entire Saxon Heptarchy, the weary fugitive at last found rest in Sussex, the only kingdom in the island yet pagan, though its king was a Christian. As in his first exile

he had evangelized Friesland, so in this second exile he gathered the South Saxons into the fold of Christ, and in this way finished the conversion of England. Thus does an all-wise God draw good out of evil, and, by means of the sufferings of His elect, spread the knowledge of the Gospel.

Amidst these toilsome but fruitful labours, Wilfrid passed five years. His arrival was greeted by a special mark of heaven's favour, which the pagans were not slow to consider as supernatural. For three years a terrible drought had prevailed throughout Sussex, followed by a severe famine, which drove many of the wretched people to suicide. But on the day when our saint preached his first sermon a copious rain descended on the thirsty land and restored the face of nature. In a short time, most of the people abandoned their idols; and Kenwalch, in return for the blessings of Christianity given to his nation, gave to Wilfrid the promontory of Selsey, or "Seal's Isle," with land enough for eighty-seven families. Here the saint built a monastery and lived in it with Eddi, his cantor, and four other priests. This new see of Selsey, thus founded by the beneficence of Kenwalch, was afterwards, in 1070, moved to Chichester, where a fine cathedral now stands, partly erected by St. Richard Wyche.

Wilfrid increased his popularity in a wonderful degree by teaching the poor natives the art of fishing, of which they seem to have been ignorant. Going out to sea with his men, the Bishop cast in a large net, composed of many smaller ones he had borrowed for the occasion, and presently brought in to land three hundred fishes. The delighted Saxons could hardly believe their own eyes, and looked upon this draught of fishes as little less than miraculous. Their joy increased when their kind pastor gave them one third of the "harvest from the deep," dividing the remainder between the owners of the nets and his monastery. Thus, like his favourite Apostle the Fisherman of Galilee, our saint became also "a fisher of men."

Meanwhile, the judgements of God lighted at last upon the head of Egfrid. In 684, provoked by sundry

hostilities of the Irish, he sent an army into their island which took revenge on the poor natives with a ferocity truly appalling. Neither age nor sex, church nor monastery, was spared. From that unhappy land, thus ravaged by fire and sword, there arose one general curse, which even the Saxons considered had its fulfilment in the terrible death that shortly overtook the King of Northumbria. For, in the following year, 685, despite the advice of St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Hexham, he led an army into Scotland, and devastated that country with atrocious cruelty. At length, he was surprised in a Highland pass, and thus he and his army were totally destroyed by the infuriated Picts and Scots.

In this same year, Ceadwalla, a noble thane of Wessex, invaded the kingdom of the South Saxons, and killed Ethelwald. He then captured the Isle of Wight, and, holding Wilfrid in great reverence and esteem, presented him with a quarter of the island as a gift, in thanksgiving for the success of his arms. He shortly after placed himself under the saint for instruction in the Faith, and then set out on a pilgrimage to Rome, in order to do penance for his sins, and receive baptism from the Vicar of Christ. Wilfrid sent Bernwine, his nephew, along with another priest, to preach the Gospel in the Isle of Wight.

The enemies of Wilfrid were now one by one passing away. Egfrid was dead: Ermenburga, his widow, received the veil from St. Cuthbert, at Carlisle, in order to end her days in penance and seclusion. Theodore, the old Archbishop of Canterbury, feeling that his death would not be far distant, sent for Wilfrid to meet him at London, and there in the presence of St. Erconwald, Bishop of that see, he humbly craved forgiveness for his ill-treatment of our saint, and sought a reconciliation. He also begged of Wilfrid, as a man well-versed in ecclesiastical law, to take upon himself the see of Canterbury. The Bishop of York, however, with that humility and unselfishness which characterized his whole life, freely pardoned past differences, and only asked for official letters, to procure his restoration. As to the Primacy, he steadfastly shunned the honour,

and declared that the Archbishop's successor must be settled at the proper time, and at a lawful assembly called for the purpose.

Furnished accordingly with letters for Ethelred of Mercia, and Aldfrid King of Northumbria, Wilfrid set out for the north once more with a joyful heart. On meeting Ethelred, he was received with great honour, and all his lands in Mercia were immediately restored to him. On the throne of Egfrid there now sat his brother, the clever and accomplished Aldfrid, who had spent his early years at that great fountain of learning, Iona, where Oswy, his father, and Oswald, his uncle, had loved to sojourn, and whither the bleeding corpse of the late king had been brought from the battle-field for burial. Aldfrid, on receiving the letters of Theodore, recalled the exiled Bishop to Northumbria, and restored to him his monasteries of Hexham and Ripon, and the see of York. The bishops who had been placed there retired without delay; viz., St. Bosa, from York, and St. John of Beverley, from Hexham; St. Cuthbert having at this time resigned his see to prepare for death on Farne island, Lindisfarne came once more under Wilfrid's will.

IV. Wilfrid's Exile and Second Appeal to Rome.

Our Saint was fifty-six years of age when Theodore died at four-score, in 690, and was laid to rest at the right side of St. Augustine, our first Apostle. For over a quarter of a century, St. Wilfrid's career had been well nigh one continued conflict in behalf of the Church's rights, and now rest was granted him for awhile to govern in peace his beloved monks and people, who everywhere came out in crowds to welcome back their father and their bishop. Alas! the truce in his religious warfare was to last but for five years, for Aldfrid, perhaps calling to mind the past ill-treatment of the saint by his brother Egfrid, or likely enough envying the immense power and influence of so doughty a champion of the Church, broke his peace

with St. Wilfrid. In that passion for interference in the government of the Church which has been ever so common among earthly rulers, Aldfrid determined on erecting Ripon into a new bishopric. The Bishop naturally resisted with the greatest energy such an unwarranted meddling with the government of his diocese, and protested against this usurpation of his rights. His words, however, proved of no avail, for there was as yet no Primate in the see of Canterbury to whom he could appeal; and so for a second time exile became the sad lot of the holy prelate.

He returned to the court of Ethelred, in Mercia, where he remained eleven years in silence and patience under persecution. The year after his arrival, 692, the see of Lichfield became vacant, and he was implored to take this new burthen upon his shoulders; which, at the earnest prayer of his faithful friend Ethelred, he did willingly. Once upon a time, St. Chad, the first bishop of that see, had entered upon his own labours at York; now, by a strange turn of affairs, Wilfrid becomes the successor of Chad!

The last wish of Archbishop Theodore—that Wilfrid should be chosen to succeed him—seems to have been of no avail, for in two years' time, St. Bertwald (or Brithwald), a monk of Glastonbury and Reculver, was appointed to the vacant see of Canterbury. By some mystery we are unable to solve, the new Primate seems to have shown little or no sympathy for our saint or his cause until the year 703, when, at the wish of Aldfrid, he called a council or synod at Nestrefield, near Ripon, which many bishops and abbots attended and to which Wilfrid was also invited. The exiled Bishop came in obedience to the Primate's summons, but probably with little hope of justice being done to him. His reception by the council was far from encouraging, and his enemies broke out into loud invectives against him. At first it was settled that Wilfrid should renounce all his possessions on either side of the Humber: later on, however, calmer feelings prevailed, and a more lenient sentence was passed on him, viz., that he should give up all exercise of his

episcopal functions; that he should retire and live peaceably at his Abbey of Ripon; and that he should not leave it without permission of the King.

At this insulting proposal, St. Wilfrid broke silence, and in the impassioned oration, which Eddi the chronicler has preserved for us, put his enemies to the blush. He asked those present, how they could dare thus to make him a scandal before all, who, during forty years of episcopal rule, had never been convicted of any fault. He then pathetically referred to those various blessings he had bestowed upon the northern Church, the correct time of Easter, the Roman tonsure, Gregorian chant, and the Rule of St. Benedict. The exiled prelate concluded with these words: "I appeal to the Holy See, and I invite you, who seek to depose me, to go there with me!" The council broke up in confusion, and Wilfrid fled for safety to Mercia, where he took refuge at the court of the pious Ethelred. Alban Butler, in his life of the saint (Oct. 12th), truly remarks that "this persecution was raised by court envy, jealousy and resentment. These were the instruments which conjured up the storm, the secret springs which put in motion the engines that were employed against this servant of God, through the simplicity or ignorance of many, the malice of some, and the complaisance and condescension of others."

Wilfrid now started on his third journey to Rome, to make his second appeal to the centre of all spiritual authority. The venerable pastor was now seventy; yet, though robbed of his possessions, driven forth after forty years of episcopal labours, persecuted and misunderstood, his indomitable spirit was still unbroken. On reaching the Eternal City, in 703, he found John VI., sitting in the chair of Peter, and to him he made his humble petition. The messengers of Archbishop Brithwald were also there. The Holy See ordered a full investigation, and such interest did this ecclesiastical cause provoke that no less than seventy sessions were held in four months by the council of bishops convened for the purpose. Such a scrupulous attention to affairs in an

island so distant and obscure as our own, ought to impress on us the lesson, taught by Rome for nineteen centuries, that every cause brought to Peter's successor is sure of being judged with firmness and impartiality. Nothing served Wilfrid's cause better than the important fact, duly brought to light, that he had, when at Rome twenty years before, sat at the council, called against the Monothelites. Pope John ended the discussion in Wilfrid's favour, sending letters to the kings of Northumbria, and of Mercia, and an order to the Archbishop of Canterbury to summon a Synod, at which the exiled Bishop should be reinstated in his diocese and his possessions.

V. Wilfrid's Last Days.

After the turmoil of such a stormy life, Wilfrid hoped to have at last found a haven of rest, and that he might now end his days in that city he loved so well. But such was not to be. By the Pope's express command, he started home once more, laden, as in days of yore, with relics of the saints and rich vestments for his Saxon churches. When passing through France, he fell dangerously ill at Meaux, and his last hour seemed at hand, when St. Michael appeared to him in a vision, and assured him that at the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and the prayers of his friends, he had some four more years given him to live.

Our saint now hastened home with alacrity. On reaching Canterbury, Brithwald met him, and was completely reconciled to him in the presence of many abbots from Wilfrid's various monasteries. Passing into Mercia, he found Ethelred no longer king, but a Benedictine monk in the cloisters of Bardney. Two monks were now despatched to Northumbria to arrange a meeting between Wilfrid and King Aldfrid, but the latter stubbornly refused to receive the verdict of the Holy See. Falling ill soon afterwards, the Saxon prince confessed his sin, and admitted that he was being smitten by the hand of God. Before his death, he left word that his successor should do justice to the exiled Bishop.

The Primate now came to Ripon, and in an open field on the bank of the Nidd, which flows south of the abbey, a council was held, at which were present the three bishops of Northumbria, the young king Osred, only eight years old, and the abbots and nobles of those parts. An amicable settlement was finally agreed upon, and all the five prelates embraced each other, whilst the entire assembly dispersed amidst general rejoicing. Our saint contented himself by retaining his abbeys of Hexham and Ripon, the former see being now vacated by St. John of Beverley, who was made Bishop of York.

The sincerity of St. Brithwald's friendship for our saint was proved in a remarkable manner by a very graceful act, which occurred during Wilfrid's last journey through Mercia. A new church had been built by St. Egwin, bishop of Worcester, in honour of our Lady, at Evesham, and the Archbishop held a meeting at Alncester, about seven miles away, at which Wilfrid was present. Here, where there was a palace of the Mercian kings, the charter and royal grants to the new abbey were ratified, and then St. Brithwald invited the aged Wilfrid to perform the holy rite of consecration, to which he consented.

This was the last public act of Wilfrid's eventful life, and the finishing deed of a chequered career, during which he had held in turn four Dioceses, viz., York, 665; Lindisfarne, 678; Lichfield, 681; Hexham, 705. He had spent the few years which now remained to him chiefly at his beloved abbey of Ripon, where, nevertheless, he was not destined to close his eyes; for, whilst making a tour of farewell amongst his various monasteries in Mercia, the Archangel came to him as he had once promised when lying ill at Meaux. Wilfrid had just arrived at Undalum, a village now called Oundle, near Northampton, when he felt the hand of death upon him. He, accordingly, made a general confession to Tatbert, and then appointed St. Acca as his successor in the see of Hexham. When he had bestowed upon his weeping monks his last blessing, he lay

for some days on his poor pallet quite motionless. Meanwhile, the solemn chant never ceased, as his broken-hearted brethren kept guard around their dying father with prayers and tears. When they came to those words of the 103rd Psalm, "Emitte spiritum tuum, et creabuntur," Wilfrid turned gently over on his cheek and gave up his soul to God. The long and tedious battle of life was over; the brave warrior of Christ was for ever at rest, A.D. 709.

His body was carried with great pomp to Ripon, and buried in the church of the abbey he had loved so well. A curious prodigy is related to have happened on the anniversary of his death. The abbot and monks were outside in the twilight at about complin time, when they suddenly beheld a marvellous light of pearly whiteness which seemed to rise out of St. Wilfrid's tomb and gradually clasp in its shining embrace the whole monastery. This they took as a happy presage of their glorious Patron's protection, for the intercession of God's saints is a wall of defence to the Church.

In 959, the saint's relics were solemnly translated to Canterbury Cathedral by St. Odo, who placed them under the high altar. They were afterwards placed by Lanfranc in a shrine, and put by St. Anselm at the Gospel side of the altar. When the Reformers broke up and swept away the shrines of our English Saints, the bones of St. Wilfrid were, it is supposed, given a last resting place beneath the pavement of the Cathedral, near to the tomb of England's last Primate, the gentle and illustrious Cardinal Pole.

We may in conclusion glance for a moment at the character and work of a saint who played so eventful a part in the history of our country in the seventh century. His chronicler and constant companion, the Monk Eddi, has left us his character in a few incisive words, which give us a distinct picture of this great Saxon prelate; "Affable to all, penetrating in mind, a quick walker, expert at all good works, he never had a sour face." Whilst it may be admitted there was a something, not easy to define, which occasionally

created him enemies even among good people, yet the powerful fascination he exercised upon all who came in contact with him, is certainly one of the most remarkable traits in his life. Hence all who were drawn under Wilfrid's influence, such as the abbots and monks of the many monasteries founded or ruled over by him, obeyed him with a devotion unbounded during life, and wept over his death as an irreparable loss.

Among the halo of saints that shone around him and received a borrowed light from him, should be mentioned St. Willibrord, who as a boy was entrusted to Wilfrid by his mother to bring up as a monk at Ripon, and who afterwards perfected Wilfrid's first labours among the Frieslanders. He was the adviser of St. Ethelred, King of Mercia, the spiritual director of St. Ethelreda, who governed two great abbeys of men and women at Ely, and the consecrator of St. Swibert, bishop of the Frisons.

Who can ever duly estimate the blessings that St. Wilfrid conferred upon his native country or the Universal Church? He secured the permanence of the episcopate in Saxon times, and so strenuously opposed all interference by the civil power, that it was not till four hundred years afterwards that a Norman King dared to depose a bishop. He checked the growing danger of a "National Church," and by his instituting pilgrimages and appeals to Rome brought both King and people to acknowledge the absolute supremacy of the "See of Peter." Lastly, besides thus crowning the glorious work of our Apostle St. Augustine, he completed the conversion of England by extinguishing the last relics of idolatry.

The late Provost Consitt, in his "Life of St. Cuthbert," gives a beautiful contrast between the hermit of Farne island and our Saint. The body of the former, in its many wanderings (to escape the Danes), was brought by his monks to Ripon, and rested under the same roof with Wilfrid's body, for the space of four months. "This sojourn at Ripon of the body of St. Cuthbert forms a link between the great saint of Durham and the noble-hearted Wilfrid, who, when Cuthbert lived in so-

litude upon the tempest-tossed Farne, almost single-handed, fought the battle of the rights of the Church and the Episcopate and sovereignty of Rome. There cannot be a greater contrast than that afforded by the lives of these two saints. Wilfrid, the great bishop, offspring of a noble race, was a man of war, and his position and influence involved him in perpetual conflict with the rough Saxon kings. Cuthbert's life was mainly spent in ascetic retirement, far removed from the excitement and toils of the struggle. Yet how many points of resemblance united them together. Cuthbert had the indomitable courage and pluck of the great Anglo-Saxon bishop, and the high-souled Wilfrid possessed all the tenderness of heart of the gentle disciple of the Celtic Aidan" (pp. 167-8).

St. Wilfrid is honoured to-day as one of the Diocesan Patrons of the Dioceses of Leeds and Middlesbrough; and at York and Ripon, are two Gothic churches erected in his honour, of great beauty. In the Diocese of Portsmouth, his feast is kept a *greater double*, on account of his being the Apostle of Sussex and the Isle of Wight. He is also honoured as Patron in that part of Germany which was the ancient Friesland.

To the old Lancashire town of Preston belongs the special honour of having had the first church ever dedicated in England to St Wilfrid. The old parish church of Preston, in the hundred of Amounderness, (which always had great affinity with York) was building in the year 703, St. Wilfrid dying shortly after, in 709, it was dedicated to him.

At the "Battle of the Standard," 1138, fought near Northallerton, the banner of St. Wilfrid was there along with St. Peter, and St. John of Beverley.

In Ripon itself the bulk of the people know or care little about him. A tower of his Abbey Church is called "the Wilfrid Tower," and one day in the year is called "Wilfrid-Sunday;" these are the only reminiscences of a name once so famous in Yorkshire.

Life of St. Guthlac.

Introduction.

THE following life of St. Guthlac of Croyland puts on record the chief events in the career of one of the most popular of the English saints. Its author is unknown, but whoever he was he availed himself largely of the Latin life of the Saint written by the monk Felix sometime before A.D. 749, in which year died Alfwold, king of East Anglia, to whom this work is dedicated. The Anglo-Saxon manuscript, the single authority for the biography of which a translation is here given, is to be found in the Cottonian collection in the British Museum, in the volume marked Vespasian D, xxi.

The translation here reprinted was published side by side with the original in 1848 by Charles Wycliffe Goodwin, M.A., Fellow of Catharine Hall, Cambridge; who, as he tells us in his preface, aimed rather at "literality" than embellishment, and has wisely given us the life of the hermit monk of Croyland as it was written for the edification of our Catholic fore-fathers nearly twelve hundred years ago. Though Felix, from whom the unknown writer of this life has drawn his facts, was not personally acquainted with St. Guthlac, he derived his information from the contemporaries and disciples of the holy man who had been eye witnesses of his heroic

life and of the supernatural powers and graces with which God had enriched it. As St. Guthlac died in A.D. 714, and Felix compiled his biography as we have said certainly before A.D. 749, the work possesses practically the value of a contemporary record.

The great Benedictine Abbey which grew up around St. Guthlac's tomb testified for many ages to the reverence and love with which the English people regarded the Saint of Croyland, and that his history has not lost all its fascination is shown by the love with which many still regard him. Readers of the beautiful memoir of Mother Francis Raphael Drane, O.S.D., will remember how even in her childhood, before she became a Catholic, she was caught by the attractiveness of his life. "I had such love for St. Guthlac and Croyland," she wrote in later years, "that I kept a little print of Croyland as a relic." His was one of the

"grand and noble names,
Names to my childhood, strangely, sweetly dear,"

to whose influence she owed not a little of that grace which finally brought her into the Catholic Church. "Perchance they gained me faith—perchance they drew My wandering footsteps to the Church's fold."

In the hope that many may be drawn to know and love St. Guthlac, the Catholic Truth Society has decided on republishing the quaint and touching pages wherein our ancestors found no little edification in the centuries long ago.

G. D.

To secure uniformity, the headings of a few chapters, absent from the original, have been supplied: these are placed in [].

I.—[The birth of Guthlac.]

In the days of Æthelred, the famous king of the Mercians, there was a noble man of the province of Mercia who was called Penwald. He was of the oldest and noblest family, who were named Iclings. He was in worldly things wealthy and had great riches, and when he was wealthiest and had the most riches, he desired to take to himself a wife. He chose from the multitude of maidens the one who was fairest and of the noblest kin; she was called Tette. And they were together until the time that God ordained that the woman became with child.

When the time came that she should give birth to the child, suddenly there came a sign from heaven, and clearly as with a seal marked out the child. Lo, men saw a hand of the fairest red hue coming from heaven; and it held a golden rood, and was manifested to many men, and it leaned forward before the door of the house wherein the child was born. Thereupon all the men who saw it hastened thitherward, that they might more clearly see and understand the sign. The hand then returned with the rood up to heaven.

Then all the men who saw the sign stretched themselves on the earth, and prayed God that he would show them what that sign and portent should be, which was there so unexpectedly displayed to them. When they had ended this prayer, a woman came in great haste running out of the house wherein the child was born, and said thus to the men :

“Be firm and of good heart, for a man of future glory is born here on this earth.” When the men heard this word, they said amongst themselves that it was a divine sign that was there showed to them, inasmuch as the child was born there. Some of them then said, that by divine providence the gift of eternal bliss was fore-ordained to him, in virtue of the holy sign that was shown to them at his birth. Men were much amazed at the matter and at the sign which was there displayed; and behold, ere the sun set it was known and famous over all the middle of England.

II.—[His baptism and youth. He becomes a monk.]

About eight nights afterwards, when they brought the child to the holy laver of baptism, a name was given him from the appellation of the family and from the clan, Guthlac, as though it were done by divine providence that he should be thus named. For thus the wise teachers in England say, that the name consists of two terms; the name Guthlac is in Latin, *Bellimunus*; for that he not only endured many troubles with worldly labour, but also by conversion received the gift of eternal bliss with the victory of eternal life, saying thus with the apostle: *Beatus vir qui suffert tentationem, quoniam cum probatus fuerit, accipiet coronam vitæ quam repromisit Deus diligentibus se*—that is in English: “Blessed is the man, saith he, who here in the world endureth manifold labours and troubles, for whereas he is tempted and tried, then receiveth he the everlasting reward; and this hath God promised to all who love him.”

After he was washed in the laver of holy baptism, he was led to his father's hall and there nourished. When the age came that the child should speak in child-fashion, he was no whit dull, nor disobedient to his parents in their commands, nor to those who nurtured him, either elder or younger. Nor was he addicted to boyish levities, nor the vain talk of vulgar men, nor unseemly fawning, nor lying flattery. Nor did he study the various cries of birds, as childish age is often wont. But he grew up in sharpness, and was blithe in countenance, and pure and clean in his disposition, and innocent in his ways. And in him was the lustre of divine brightness so shining, that all men who saw him could perceive in him the promise of what should hereafter happen to him.

After a time, when his strength waxed and he grew up to manhood, then thought he on the strong deeds of the heroes, and of the men of yore. Then, as though he had woke from sleep, his disposition was changed, and he collected a great troop and host of his companions and equals, and himself took weapons. Then wreaked he his grudges on his enemies, and burned their city, and ravaged their towns, and widely through the land he made much slaughter, and slew and took from men their goods. Then was he on a sudden inwardly admonished of God, and taught that he should thus give command; of all things which he had so taken he bade give back the third part to those from whom he had taken it.

It was about nine years that he, the blessed Guthlac, was thus engaged in hostile raids, and he thus wandered amidst the tumult of this present world. It happened on one night when he had come from

an expedition, and rested his weary limbs, and thought over many things in his mind, that he was suddenly inspired with divine awe, and his heart within was filled with spiritual love; and when he woke, he thought on the old kings who were of yore, who, thinking on miserable death, and the wretched end of sinful life, forsook this world; and the great wealth which they once possessed, he saw all on a sudden vanish; and he saw his own life daily hasten and hurry to an end. Then was he suddenly so excited inwardly with godly fear, that he vowed to God, if He would spare him till the morrow, that he would be His servant.

When the darkness of night was gone, and it was day, he arose and signed himself with the mark of Christ's rood. Then bade he his companions that they should find them another captain and leader of their company; and he confessed to them, and said that he would be Christ's servant. When his companions heard these words, they were greatly astonished, and very alarmed for the words which they had heard. Then they all bowed to him, and begged him that he never would perform the things which he had in words expressed. He however cared not for their words, but the same thing that he had first intended, that would he perform. God's love burnt so within him, that not only did he despise this world, but also his parents' wealth and his home, and even his companions, he all forsook.

When he was four and twenty years old, he forsook all the pomps of the world and set all his hope on Christ. And after that he went to a monastery which is called Hrypadun, and there received the mystical tonsure of

St. Peter the apostle, under Abbess Ælfthrytha. And after he had taken the tonsure and the monastic life, lo, he would taste no liquid through which drunkenness comes. And for these things the brethren hated him, because he was so abstinent; but soon after when they perceived the purity of his mind, and the cleanness of his life, they all loved him. He was in figure tall, and pure in body, cheerful in mood, and in countenance handsome; he was mild and modest in his discourse, and he was patient and humble; and ever in his heart was divine love hot and burning. When he devoted himself to letters and learning, he was desirous of learning his psalms. Then was the fruitful breast of the blessed man filled with God's grace, and with the teaching of God, the great master, he became instructed and learned in divine discipline.

When he had been two years on this study he had learned his psalms, and canticles, and hymns, and prayers, after ecclesiastical order. Then began he to study the good observances of the virtuous in that life, gentleness and obedience, patience and long suffering, and abstinence of body; and he cultivated the virtues of all good men.

After he had passed about two years of his life thus in the monastic state, he began to long for the wilderness and a hermitage. When he heard tell and learned concerning anchorites who of yore longed for the wilderness and hermitage for God's name, and passed their lives there, his heart was inwardly inspired with the love of God to long for the wilderness. So then not many days after, he begged leave from the servants [of God] who were the eldest there that he might depart.

III.—[He goes to Crowland.]

There is in Britain a fen of immense size, which begins from the river Granta, not far from the city which is named Grantchester. There are immense marshes, now a black pool of water, now foul running streams, and also many islands, and reeds, and hillocks, and thickets, and with manifold windings wide and long it continues up to the north sea. When the aforesaid man, Guthlac of blessed memory found out this uncultivated spot of the wide wilderness, he was comforted with divine support, and journeyed forthwith by the straightest way thither. And when he came there he inquired of the inhabitants of the land where he might find himself a dwelling-place in the wilderness. Whereupon they told him many things about the vastness of the wilderness.

There was a man named Tatwine, who said that he knew an island especially obscure, which oftentimes many men had attempted to inhabit, but no man could do it on account of manifold horrors and fears, and the loneliness of the wide wilderness; so that no man could endure it, but every one on this account had fled from it. When the holy man Guthlac heard these words, he bid him straightway show him the place, and he did so: he embarked in a vessel, and they went both through the wild fens till they came to the spot which is called Crowland; this land was in such wise as he said, situated in the midst of the waste of the aforesaid fen, very obscure, and very few men knew of it except the one who showed it to him; as no man ever could inhabit it before the holy man Guthlac came thither, on

account of the dwelling of the accursed spirits there. And the blessed man Guthlac disregarded the temptation of the accursed spirits, and was strengthened with heavenly support, so that he begun to dwell alone among the fenny thickets of the wide wilderness.

It fell out, by divine providence, that he came to the island on the day of St. Bartholomew the Apostle; for he sought in all things his support. And he was enamoured of the obscurity of the place, and vowed that he would serve God on that island all the days of his life. When he had been there not many days, he looked about at the things which appertained to the place. Then he thought that he would return again to the monastery, and salute his brethren, for he had before gone away from them without taking leave. So in the morning, when it was day, he went back to the monastery; there he remained with the brethren ninety nights. And after he had taken leave of them, he returned back again to the place of his beloved wilderness with two servants.

It was on the eighth day before the kalends of September, which is observed as the day of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, when the holy man Guthlac came to the aforesaid place Crowland, for that he sought his support first in all things in regard to his solitary life. He was six and twenty years of age when, endowed with heavenly grace, God's soldier first settled in the wilderness. Then straightway, that he might arm himself against the attacks of the wicked spirits with spiritual weapons, he took the shield of the Holy Spirit, faith; and clothed himself in the armour of

heavenly hope ; and put on his head the helmet of chaste thoughts ; and with the arrows of holy psalmody he ever continually shot and fought against the accursed spirits.

And now how greatly must we admire the secret might of our Lord, and the judgements of his mercy ; who can tell them all ? As the noble teacher of all nations, St. Paul the Apostle, whom our Lord Almighty God fore-appointed to preach the gospel to his people, was before a persecutor of his holy church, and whilst he journeyed to the city of Damascus was delivered from the dark errors of the Jews' unbelief by the sound of a heavenly voice : so Guthlac of venerated memory was led from the tribulation of this world to the victory of eternal life.

IV.—Concerning the holy man, how he dwelt in the place.

I begin now to speak of the life of the blessed man Guthlac, as I have heard those relate who knew his life, Wilfrid and Cissa ; and according thereto I tell it in order. There was on the island a great mound raised upon the earth, which some of yore men had dug and broken up in hopes of treasures. On the other side of the mound a place was dug, as it were a great water-cistern. Over this cistern the blessed man Guthlac built himself a house at the beginning, as soon as he settled in the hermit-station. Then he resolved that he would use neither woollen nor linen garment, but that he would live all the days of his life in clothing of skins ; and so he continued to do. Each day,

from the time that he began to dwell in the wilderness, the abstemiousness of his diet was such, that he never tasted aught but barley-bread and water: and when the sun was set, then took he his food on which he lived.

Soon after he began to dwell in the wilderness, it happened one day, when he had, after his wonted custom, sung a psalm and fell to his prayers, that the old enemy of mankind (who, even as a roaring lion, scatters wide the venom of his temptations), whilst he [was scattering abroad] the might of his wickedness and the venom of his cruelty that he might wound the hearts of men therewith, suddenly, as from a bended bow, he fixed the dart of his temptation in the soul of Christ's soldier. When, therefore, the blessed man was wounded with the poisoned arrow of the accursed spirit, his soul (the blessed man's) was greatly troubled within him, about the undertaking he had begun, namely, to dwell thus alone in the wilderness. Then he turned himself hither and thither continually in his mind, and thought of his former sins and wickednesses which he had committed and wrought, and how that he himself had done greater and more enormous sins than he thought he could ever compensate for. Thus had the devilish arrow wounded him with desperation: the blessed man Guthlac was three days wounded with this despair, so that he himself knew not whither he would turn with his thoughts.

It was upon the night following the third day that he firmly withstood these doubting thoughts: and thereupon with prophetic mouth he sang and cried to God, and said: *In tribulatione mea invocavi*

Dominum, et reliqua—that is in English: “My Lord, in my trouble I cry unto thee, and hear thou me, and support me in my tribulations.” It was soon after this that his faithful support, St. Bartholomew, came to him, and did not appear to him in sleep, but waking he saw and beheld the Apostle in angelic beauty. And forthwith the blessed man Guthlac was right glad of the heavenly visitor; and his heart and mind was soon all enlightened, and he quickly let go the bad and desperate thoughts; and the heavenly visitor, St. Bartholomew, comforted him, and confirmed and strengthened him with his words, and bid him not despair, but be constant; and said that he would be his support in all his tribulations. When the holy Guthlac heard these words of his faithful friend, he was filled with spiritual joy, and strengthened and fixed his faith firmly upon God himself.

V.—[His temptations and consolations.]

It happened also, on one occasion, when he was reflecting upon the conduct of his life, how he might live most acceptably to God, there came suddenly two devils to him, sliding down from the air, and they spoke plainly to him, and said: “We are acquainted with thy life, and the firmness of thy faith we know, and also we know thy patience to be unconquered; and therein we tried and proved thee, whilst with manifold craft we directed our weapons at thee. We now henceforth will no longer trouble nor injure thee; not only will we now cease to hinder thee from that which thou didst first intend,

but we will even tell thee respecting all those who of yore inhabited the wilderness, how they lived their lives. Moses first, and Elijah they fasted, and also the Saviour of all the earth, he fasted in the wilderness; and also the famous monks who were in Egypt and dwelt there in deserts; they, through their abstinence, slew and quelled in themselves all corruption. Therefore, if thou desirest to wash from thee the sins thou didst once commit, thou shouldst afflict thy body with abstinence; because by how much the more severely thou afflictest thyself in this world, by so much the more firmly shalt thou be strengthened to eternity; and by how much thou sufferest more troubles in this present life, so much the more shalt thou receive in future; and when thou advancest here in the world in fasting, thou shalt then be exalted in God's eyes. Therefore thy fasting must not be a space of two or three days, nor on each day, that thou shouldst exalt thyself thereupon as a very great abstinence, but it is necessary by a fast of seven nights' duration to cleanse the man. As on six days God first formed and adorned the beauty of the whole earth, and on the seventh rested himself; so also beseems it thee in like manner by six days' fast to adorn the spirit, and then on the seventh day to take meat and to rest the body."

When the blessed man Guthlac heard these words, he arose and cried to God, and prayed, and thus said: "Let my foes, my Lord God, be for ever turned backwards, for I know and understand Thee, that Thou art my Maker." Immediately after these words the accursed spirits vanished from be-

fore his face like smoke. Then despised he the devilish doctrine, for he understood that it was all vain; and he took a moderate meal, that is, the barley loaf, and ate it, and supported his life. When the cursed spirits understood that he despised them all, and their doctrines, they bewailed with lamentable voice that they were overcome; and the blessed man was so victorious that he despised the blasphemies of their doctrines and of their temptations.

Also it happened, on a time not many days after, that he was passing the night waking in holy prayers. Then in the stillness of the night it happened suddenly that there came great hosts of the accursed spirits, and they filled all the house with their coming; and they poured in on every side, from above and from beneath, and everywhere. They were in countenance horrible, and they had great heads, and a long neck, and lean visage; they were filthy and squalid in their beards; and they had rough ears, and distorted face, and fierce eyes, and foul mouths; and their teeth were like horses' tusks; and their throats were filled with flame, and they were grating in their voice; they had crooked shanks, and knees big and great behind, and distorted toes, and shrieked hoarsely with their voices; and they came with such immoderate noises and immense horror, that it seemed to him that all between heaven and earth resounded with their dreadful cries. Without delay, when they were come into the house, they soon bound the holy man in all his limbs, and they pulled and led him out of the cottage, and brought him to the black fen, and threw and sunk him in the muddy waters.

After that they brought him to the wild places of the wilderness, among the dense thickets of brambles, that all his body was torn. After they had a long time thus tormented him in darkness, they let him abide and stand awhile; then commanded him to depart from the wilderness, or if he would not do so, then they would torment and try him with greater plagues. He, the blessed man Guthlac, cared not for their words, but with prophetic mouth he thus spake: "The Lord is on my right hand, that I be not turned back from thee." After that the cursed spirits took him and beat him with iron whips, and after that they brought him on their creaking wings midst the cold regions of the air. When he was at this height in the air he saw all the north part of heaven as it were surrounded by the blackest clouds of intense darkness. Then he saw suddenly an immense host of cursed spirits come towards him; and they soon gathered together, and forthwith all led the holy man to the black places of torment, and brought him to hell's door. When he saw the foulness of the smoke and the burning flames, and the horror of the black abyss, he quickly forgot all the torments and the punishments which he had before suffered and endured from the accursed spirits. Then the cursed spirits rushed in and tumbled among the horrible flames, and there they tormented with manifold punishments the souls of unrighteous men.

When the blessed Guthlac saw the greatness of the punishments, he was much terrified for dread of them. Then cried the cursed spirits with a great voice and thus spake: "Power is given us to thrust thee into the torments of this abyss;

and here is the fire which thou thyself didst kindle within thee, and for thy sins and crimes hell's door openeth before thee." When the accursed spirits had threatened him with these words, then answered he them thus, and said: "Woe to you, children of darkness, and seed of destruction; ye are dust of cinders and ashes; who granted you, wretches, that ye should have power over me, to send me to these punishments? Lo, I am here present and ready, and await my Lord's will; wherefore should ye frighten me with your false threats?" They then, the accursed spirits, motioned towards the blessed man as though they would push him in.

Then suddenly came the inhabitant of heaven, the holy Apostle St. Bartholomew, shining with heavenly brightness and glory, amidst the dim darkness of the black hell. The accursed spirits were not able to abide there for the splendour of the holy visitor, but they hid themselves in the darkness. When the blessed man Guthlac saw his faithful friend, he was greatly rejoiced with spiritual gladness and heavenly joy. After this the holy Apostle St. Bartholomew bade and commanded them that they should be subject to him, and that they should bring him again with gentleness to the same place which they had before taken him from. And they did so, and brought him with all gentleness and care, and carried him on their wings, that he could not have been carried more pleasantly in a boat. When they came in the midst of the height of the air, there came towards him a troop of holy spirits, and they all sang and spake thus: *Ibunt de virtute*, and the rest—that is in English: "Holy men shall go from

virtue to virtue." When it began to dawn in the morning, they set him again in the place whence they had taken him.

When he then was about to perform his morning prayers to God, he saw two of the cursed spirits standing there weeping and wailing greatly. When he asked them why they wept, they answered him, and spake thus: "We two weep because our power is all broken through thee, and we now may not come at thee, nor have any speech with thee; but in all things thou hast injured us, and altogether overcome our might." After these words the accursed spirits departed, even as smoke, from his face.

VI.—How the devils spake in British.

It happened in the days of Cenred, king of the Mercians, that the British nation, the enemy of the Angle race, with many battles and various contests annoyed the English. It happened one night, when it was the time of cock-crowing, and the blessed man Guthlac fell to his morning prayers, he was suddenly entranced in light slumber. Then Guthlac woke from his sleep, and went immediately out and looked and hearkened; there he heard a great host of the accursed spirits speaking in British; and he knew and understood their words, because he had been erewhile in exile among them. Soon after that he saw all his house filled with fire, and they next struck him quite down with the points of spears, and hung him up in the air on the spears. Then understood the strong warrior of Christ that these were the terrors and the torments of

the cursed spirits; he then soon fearlessly thrust from him the weapon of the accursed spirits, and sang the psalm *Exurgat Deus et dissipentur*,* and the rest. As soon as he had sung the first verse of the psalm, they departed like smoke from his presence. When the blessed man Guthlac thus frequently fought and contended against the cursed, they perceived that their power and work was overcome.

VII.—Concerning Beccel the Priest.

There was a priest whose name was Beccel; he came to the holy man and begged him that he would take him to him, and he promised that he would humbly live in God's service by his instructions. Then the accursed spirit sprinkled and watered over with the poison of his deceit the heart and mind of this same priest; the cursed spirit advised him that he should smite and kill Guthlac, and thus suggested to his heart: "If I slay and kill him, then may I afterwards possess this same place after him; and men of the world will then honour me as they now do him."

It happened one day that the same priest came to the holy man to shave him (as his custom was every twenty days to wash himself); then was he vehemently tempted to shed the blood of the blessed man. Guthlac soon perceived the persuasion of the cursed spirit (as all future things were through God's grace known to him, and also present things, and he could see and look through the man within as well as without); and he said thus

* [Let God arise, and they shall be scattered.]

to him; "O my Beccel, wherefore hast thou concealed under thy foolish breast the accursed fiend? why wilt thou not spit out from thee the death-bearing waters of that bitter poison? I perceive that thou art deceived by the accursed spirit, and I see the wicked device of thy heart. The tempter of mankind and the enemy of earth hath begotten in thee the unrest of this evil intent; but turn thyself away from the evil teaching of the accursed spirit."

Then perceived he that he had been deceived by the accursed spirit, and fell at the holy man's feet, and with tears confessed to him his sin. Thereupon the holy man Guthlac not only forgave him the sin, but also promised him that he would be his helper in all his trials.

VIII.—How the devils departed.

It happened one night, when the holy man Guthlac fell to his prayers, he heard the howlings of cattle and various wild beasts. Not long after he saw the appearances of animals and wild beasts and creeping things coming in to him. First he saw the visage of a lion, that threatened him with his bloody tusks; also the likeness of a bull, and the visage of a bear, as when they are enraged. Also he perceived the appearance of vipers, and a hog's grunting, and the howling of wolves, and croaking of ravens, and the various whistling of birds; that they might, with their fantastic appearance, divert the mind of the holy man. Then the holy man Guthlac armed himself with the weapon of Christ's cross

and with the shield of holy faith, and despised the temptation of the accursed spirits, and spake thus: "O thou wretched rebellious spirit, thy power is seen and thy might is made known: thou, wretched one, now displayest the forms of wild beasts and birds and creeping things, thou who once exaltedst thyself that thou mightest be equal to the eternal God. Now then I command thee, in the name of the eternal God, who made thee, and cast thee down from height of heaven, that thou cease from this troubling." Immediately thereafter all the appearances of the accursed spirits went away.

IX.—How the writing was recovered.

It happened one night that there came one to speak with the holy man. When he had remained some days there, it fell out that he wrote some writing on a sheet of paper. When he had written the writing he went out. There came a raven in; as soon as he saw the paper he took it and went with it to the fen. As soon as the aforesaid guest came back again, he saw the raven carrying the paper; thereat was he very vexed.

It happened at that time that the holy man Guthlac came out of his church; there saw he the brother grieving. He consoled him, and said; "Be not grieved, brother; but when the raven flies up through the fens, row thou after him; so shalt thou recover the writing." Not long after he went into a boat, the same man namely who had written the writing. Having rowed through the fenlands, he came to a mere, which

was very near the island; there was in the midst of the mere a bed of reeds; there hung the paper on the reeds, even as though man's hand had hanged it there; and he forthwith joyfully seized the paper, and brought it wondering to the man of God. And the blessed man Guthlac said that it was not the effect of his merit, but of God's mercy.

There were settled on the same island two ravens, so greedy that whatsoever they could seize they would carry away; and notwithstanding he bore and endured all their greediness, that he might give men the example of his patience. And not only were the birds subject to him, but also the fishes and wild beasts of the wilderness all obeyed him, and he daily gave them food from his own hand, as suited their kind.

X—How the swallows sat upon him and sang.

It happened on a time that there came a venerable brother to him whose name was Wilfrith, who had of old been united with him in spiritual fellowship. Whilst they discussed in many discourses their spiritual life, there came suddenly two swallows flying in, and behold they raised up their song rejoicing; and after that they sat fearlessly on the shoulders of the holy man Guthlac, and then lifted up their song; and afterwards they sat on his bosom and on his arms and his knees. When Wilfrith had long wondering beheld the birds, he asked him wherefore the wild birds of the wide waste so submissively sat upon him. The holy man Guthlac answered him and said: "Hast thou never learnt, brother Wilfrith, in holy writ, that he who

hath led his life after God's will, the wild beasts and wild birds have become the more intimate with him. And the man who would pass his life apart from worldly men, to him the angels approach nearer. But he who frequently longeth for the converse of worldly men cannot meet with angelic discourse."

XI.—Concerning the gloves which the ravens carried off.

Also there happened on a time a prophetic miracle to this holy man. There was a distinguished man of noble king's-kindred in Mercia, whose name was Athelbald. He wished to come to converse with the holy man. He prevailed upon Wilfrith that he should bring him to the man of God; and they went into a boat, and journeyed to the island whereon the holy man Guthlac was. When they had come to the holy man, behold Wilfrith had left his glove in the boat. And while they conversed with the holy man, he the blessed man Guthlac, asked them whether they had left anything behind them in the boat (for God made known to him all secret things); then answered Wilfrith, and said that he had left his two gloves in the boat.

Not long after, as soon as they had gone out of the house, there they saw the raven with his black beak tearing the glove upon the roof of a house. Then the holy man Guthlac rebuked with his word the raven for his mischief, and it obeyed his word, and the bird flew westward over the wilderness; whereupon Wilfrith reached the glove from the roof of the house with a stick. Also not long after there came three men to the

landing-place, and there sounded the signal. Then went the holy man Guthlac out to the men with cheerful countenance and good humour, and there spoke with them. When they wished to depart they brought forth a glove and said that it had fallen from a raven's mouth. The holy man Guthlac received it smiling, and gave them his blessing, and they then departed; and afterwards he gave the glove to him who before owned it.

XII.—How Hwætred received his health.

There was in the land of the East Angles a man of noble kin, whose name was Hwætred. Whereas he was daily reverently subject to his elders, it happened on a time, while he was at his father's house, that the accursed spirit entered into him, so that he went out of his wits, and the accursed spirit afflicted him so severely with this madness, that he bloodied and wounded his own body as well with iron as with his teeth; and not himself only did he wound with his ferocious teeth, but also whomsoever he could he in like manner tore.

It happened on a time that there was a great multitude of men gathered together of his kinsmen, and also of other his near friends, that they might bind him and bring him into subjection. Thereupon he took an axe, and with it smote three men to death, and wounded many others with them. It was four years that he was sorely afflicted with this madness. Then was he at last taken by his relations and brought to the holy monastery, to the end that mass-priests and bishops might wash and cleanse him from his madness. And they, however,

with many expedients, could not drive out the evil powers of the accursed spirit.

When at last they went home sorrowful with their relative, and they rather wished him dead than that he should longer annoy men, then at length the report was spread in the province that in the midst of the fen, on an island which was called Crowland, was an anchorite, who flourished before God with various virtues. Then they forthwith, when they heard of the holy man, thought that they would take the man thither, if it were God's providence that they might there find help. And they performed this, journeyed thither till they came to an island, which was very near that on which the man of God was, and they were there during the night with the sick man.

When it was day on the morrow, they came to the afore-said island; then in the usual manner sounded a signal. Then forthwith the holy man Guthlac went to them in the fervent power of God's love. When they weeping had told their affair, he was filled with pity. He took the sick man and led him into his church, and there remained three days incessantly at his prayers. When the sun rose on the third day, he bathed him in holy water and blew in his face, and with that all the power of the accursed spirit upon him was shattered: and this same man was as though he had awoke from a deep slumber, and he received his health again, and went home; and the illness never ailed him afterwards so long as he lived.

XIII.—Concerning Athelbald's follower.

Also it happened on a time that a follower of the aforesaid exile Athelbald, whose name was Ecga, was disquieted by the accursed spirit. And he plagued him so severely that he had no recollection of himself. Then his relations brought him to the man of God. As soon as he came to him he girded him with his girdle. No sooner was he girded with the girdle than all the uncleanness departed from him, and the illness never after ailed him.

Also the blessed man Guthlac flourished and prospered in the prophetic spirit, and he made known future things to men, as clearly as the present things.

XIV.—Concerning the abbot.

It happened on a time that there came an abbot to him, who was formerly united with him in spiritual communion. While he journeyed thither his two attendants were with him; they supplicated him with a request for leave that they might go another way, and said that there was need and necessity for them to do this. Then the abbot granted them that which they begged of him. When the abbot came there to conversation with the blessed man Guthlac, whilst they mutually gave each other to drink from the well of the sacred scriptures, then amidst their talk of the sacred scriptures Guthlac said to him: "But whither went the two that erewhile turned back from thee?" Then answered he him and said: "They begged leave of me; they had another affair, so that they could not

come hither." Then Guthlac answered him (as God revealed to him all future things, which were as well known to him as the present), and began to tell him the way of these brothers, and said to him : "They went to the house of a widow, and were there intoxicated with too much drinking." And not only did he tell him of their road, but also concerning their fare, as also the very words which they there spake ; he related it all to him in order. When the abbot had received his blessing he departed.

When the aforesaid brothers again came to the abbot, he asked them where they had been. They answered him and said that they had toiled much in their needful affairs. Then he asked them whether it were so. Then they swore stoutly that it was so. Then said he to them : "Nay, but wherefore swear ye to a wicked lie? for ye were at the house of such a widow, and there passed your time in such wise, and spake there such words!" Then they were conscious of their misdeeds, fell at his feet, and begged forgiveness of him, and confessed that it was as he said.

XV.—Concerning the brothers who came to him.

Then came also to him two brothers on a time from a certain monastery. Whilst they journeyed thitherward they had with them two bottles filled with ale ; then it was agreed between them that they should hide them under a turf, that, when they went home, they might have them with them. When they were come to him, he strengthened them with his counsel, and edified their hearts with his admonition. When they had

spoken on many subjects amongst them, the blessed man Guthlac, with merry countenance and laughing words, said to them: "Wherefore hid ye the bottles under a turf, and why brought ye them not with you?" They were greatly amazed at these words of the holy man, and bowed to him, and begged his blessing. And he blessed them, and they returned home.

It came to pass at that same time, that men of divers conditions sought the holy man, as well nobles as bishops and abbots, and men of every condition, poor and rich. And not only men sought him from the province of Mercia, but also all who in Britain heard of this holy man, hied and hastened to him from all quarters: and those who were either in sickness of body, or plagued and possessed by the cursed spirit, or other evils, as mankind is compassed about with various griefs, and pains: and of none of those whom they brought to him were the hopes thwarted; for there was no sick person that went from him unhealed; no possessed person that did not come to his right wits again; none afflicted with any disease that did not leave him cured.

XVI.—Concerning Athelbald's companion.

It came to pass when many men came to him for divers matters, among others came thither a companion of the before-mentioned exile Athelbald, whose name was Ova, that he might visit and converse with the saint. It happened on the second day that he was on the journey thither, that he walked over a thorn in the night: the thorn stuck into his foot, and so strong was

the prickle of the thorn that it went through the foot, and he with difficulty proceeded on his way, and with much effort he arrived at the fore-mentioned island, whereon the blessed man Guthlac dwelt. And when he was there at night, his body swelled, above half of it from the loins to the feet, and he was so grievously afflicted with the pain, that he could neither sit nor stand.

As soon as they told this to Guthlac, the man of God, he ordained that he should be brought to him : when he was brought to him, he told him the cause through which he was first so tormented, and how that pain first came upon him. Thereupon Guthlac immediately stripped himself, and the garment which he wore next his skin he put upon the foresaid man. No sooner was he attired in the garment of so great a man, but the wound could not abide it : and lo, this same thorn, as an arrow speeds from the bow, so did it fly from the man, and go to a distance ; and immediately at the same time all the swelling and all the wound departed from him, and he presently conversed with the holy man with blithe mood, and he afterwards went from thence without harm of any wound.

And it came to pass that all men who heard those things wondered, and glorified and praised the God of heaven for them.

XVII.—Concerning the holy bishop St. Hædda.

Also we must not pass over with neglect that wondrous thing, how that with prophetic power he knew and made things known. For through God's grace it was given him, that he should know the words

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of the absent as easily as those of the present which were uttered before him.

It happened on a time that a bishop came to him, whose name was Hædda, as though he were counselled by a heavenly thought, that he should go to speak with the man of God. The bishop had with him in his company a learned man, whose name was Wigfrith. Whilst he journeyed thither among the other attendants of the bishop, they began to say many things about the holy man, and spoke much of his miracles. Some of them then spake of the severity of his life, the miracles which he wrought; some then spake doubtingly of his life, and said that they knew not whether he wrought these things in the strength of God, or through craft of the devil. While they spake these things among themselves, the philosopher said to them; "I am able," said he, "to try and find out whether he be a cultivator of divine piety; for I was long dwelling among the Scotch people, and I saw there many good men, who led their life well in God's service; and they shone through God's power before the eyes of men, with many miracles and signs: from the life of the men which I then saw, I am able to judge of what kind this man's life is, whether he works these wonders through God's power, or doeth them through the devil's might."

When, therefore, the aforesaid bishop came to converse with Guthlac the man of God, they mutually refreshed each other with the nectar of evangelic sweetness. The brightness of the Lord's grace was lustrous in the blessed man Guthlac, that whatsoever he preached and taught, it was as though he preached and spoke the words of angelic language.

There was also so much wisdom in him, so much heavenly prudence, that whatsoever he taught he confirmed it with the divine [examples] of holy scriptures.

And suddenly the bishop, in the middle of the discourse which they held between them, bowed humbly to the man of God, and earnestly begged and besought him that he should through him receive the priestly office, that he might ordain him a mass-priest, and to the service of the Lord's altar. And Guthlac presently yielded to his prayers, and stretched himself on the earth, and said that he would do that which was God's will and the bishop's. When they had performed the service, and he was consecrated, as I said before, then the bishop besought the holy man that he would take meat with him; and he did so, though it was at variance with his way of life.

When they sat down to meat, as I before said, Guthlac looked at the bishop's attendants; then he saw the aforesaid brother Wigfrith, and spake thus to him: "And now, brother Wigfrith, what sort of man seemeth thee the priest is of whom thou saidst yesterday that thou wouldst try whether he were good or bad?" Then Wigfrith arose, and bowed to the earth, and confessed his fault to him. Then the holy man was forthwith reconciled to him, and gave and granted him his pardon. The hallowing of the island of Crowland, and also of the blessed man Guthlac, took place at harvest-time, five days before St. Bartholomew's mass.

XVIII.—Concerning abbess Ecgburh.

It happened also on a time that the venerable maid Ecgburh, abbess, the daughter of Aldwulf the king, sent to the venerable man Guthlac a leaden coffin, and winding-sheet thereto, and besought him by the holy name of the celestial King, that after his departure they should place his body therein. She sent the message by a brother of worthy life, and bid him ask him, who should be the keeper of the place after him. When he had kindly received the message of the venerable maid, then concerning that which he was asked—who should be the keeper of the place after him,—he answered and said, that the man was of heathen race, and was not yet baptized; but notwithstanding, that he should soon come, and should receive the rites of baptism. And so it came to pass; for the same Cissa, who afterwards held the place, came to Britain a little time afterwards, and they baptized him there, as the man of God foretold.

XIX.—Concerning Athelbald the king.

Also we must not pass over with neglect the wonder which this holy man Guthlac foretold and made known to men. It happened on a time that the before-mentioned exile Athelbald came to him; and Ceolred the king hunted him hither and thither, far and wide, and he fled from and shunned his persecutions and his malice. He had recourse then to the conversation of the holy man Guthlac; for when human help had failed him, notwithstanding divine support comforted him. When he came to the man of God, and related to him his troubles, Guthlac spake thus to him: “O my son,

I am not forgetful of thy conflicts and thy troubles; for this cause I took pity on thee, and for thy troubles I prayed God that He would have pity on thee, and support thee; and He has heard my prayer, and He will give thee kingdom and rule over thy people, and they shall flee before thee who hate thee; and thy sword shall destroy all thy adversaries, for the Lord is thy support. But be thou patient, for thou shalt not get the kingdom by means of worldly things, but with the Lord's help thou shalt get thy kingdom. For the Lord shall bring down those who now hate thee, and the Lord shall remove the kingdom from them, and hath remembered and appointed thee."

When he heard these words, Athelbald soon fixed his hope and faith on God himself, and he trusted and believed all the things which the holy man foretold,—how that kingdoms are overturned and taken away, and are evermore hastening to an end; and the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, and young and old,—all these alike, strong death clutcheth and taketh.

XX.—Concerning the length of the holy man's life, and his departure.

It happened some while after this, that God's beloved servant Guthlac, after that he had led a life serving God for fifteen years,—then God pleased to lead his dear servant from the conflict of this world's miseries to the eternal rest of the heavenly kingdom.

It happened on a time, when he was in his church at his prayers, he was suddenly attacked with illness. And he soon perceived that God's hand was sent upon

him, and he right gladly began to prepare himself for his entry into the heavenly kingdom. He was seven days afflicted with the malady, and on the eighth day he was brought to the utmost extremity. The malady attacked him on the Wednesday next before Easter, and on the same day of the Easter-week after he gave forth his life from his body.

There was a brother with him whose name was Beccel, through whom I have been informed concerning the departure of the blessed man. When he came to him on the day when the sickness seized him, he asked him concerning certain things. And he answered him slowly, and drew the breath from his chest with long sighing. When he saw the holy man in so distressful mood, he said to him: "What new thing has now happened to thee; has some sickness befallen thee on this night?" Then he answered him and said to him: "Sickness has befallen me this night." Then again he asked him: "Knowest thou, my father, the cause of thy sickness, or to what end thinkest thou that this illness will come?" Then again the holy man answered and said to him: "The meaning of my illness is this, that the spirit must be taken away from this body; for on the eighth day there will be an end of my illness; therefore it behoves that the spirit be prepared, that I may go to God."

When the aforesaid brother Beccel heard these words, he wept much and began to lament, and in great grief incessantly moistened his cheeks with tears. Then Guthlac the man of God comforted him, and said to him: "My son, be not thou grieved, for to me it is no sorrow that I am going to the Lord my God." There

was in him such a depth of holy faith, and so great love of God had he thereto, that the known and the unknown was entirely alike in his sight in respect of good deeds.

When after four nights the Easter-day arrived, the blessed man Guthlac in his sickness performed service to God, and sang Mass, and after that he offered up the precious sacrifice of Christ's blood, he began to preach the gospel to the aforesaid brother; and he penetrated him so deeply with his counsel, that he never before nor after heard the like.

When the seventh day of his illness came, then came the aforesaid brother at the sixth hour of the day to visit him. He found him leaning in the corner of his oratory, against the altar. Notwithstanding he might not speak to him, for he saw that his malady violently afflicted him; however, afterwards he begged of him that he would leave his last words with him before he died.

Then the blessed man Guthlac raised a little his weary limbs from the wall, and thus spake to him: "My son, now is it very near the time, and do thou attend to my last commands. After my soul departs from the body, then go thou to my sister, and say to her, that I for this end here on earth avoided her presence and would not see her, that we two hereafter might see each other in heaven, before the face of God; and bid her that she place my body in the coffin, and wind it in the sheet which Ecgburh sent to me. I would not whilst I lived be clothed with a linen garment; but now, for love of the maid of Christ. the gift which she sent me I will put to the purpose for which I have kept it, namely, when

my body and my soul part, let them wrap my body in the vestment, and lay it in the coffin." When the aforesaid brother heard these things, he thus spake: "I beseech thee, my dear father, now while I behold and understand thy infirmity, and I hear that thou must leave this world, that thou explain to me concerning a matter which I never before durst ask thee about. From the time that I first dwelt with thee in this wilderness I have heard thee at even and at daybreak speaking I know not with whom. Wherefore I beg and beseech thee that thou never leave me anxious and troubled about this matter after thy departure." The man of God with a long sigh drew the breath from his breast, answered him and said: "My son, be thou not troubled,—the things which before I would tell to no man of the world while I lived, I will now reveal and make known to thee. The second year after I dwelt in the wilderness, at even and at daybreak God himself sent the angel of my comfort to me, who opened to me the heavenly mysteries, which it is lawful to no man to tell, and the hardness of my conflict he quite softened with heavenly angelic discourses; who also made known and revealed to me absent as well as present things. And now, my son, beloved one, keep thou my word, and tell these things to no other person except to Pege my sister and to Ecgberht the hermit, if it chance that thou speak with him."

When he had spoken these words, he leaned his head to the wall, and with a long sigh drew the breath from his breast. When he turned himself again and recovered his breath, there came fragrance from his mouth like the odour of the sweetest flowers.

And on the following night, when the aforesaid brother fell to his nightly prayers, he beheld all the house encompassed about with a great brightness; and this brightness remained there till day. When it dawned on the morrow, the man of God stirred again a little, and raised up his weary limbs. Then spake he thus to him: "My son, prepare thyself to go on the journey which I bid thee; for now is the time that the spirit must leave the weary limbs, and will go to the endless joy, the kingdom of heaven." When he had said these things, he stretched out his hands to the altar, and strengthened himself with the heavenly food, Christ's body and blood. And after that he raised his eyes to heaven, and stretched out his arms, and then sent forth his spirit with joy and bliss to the eternal happiness of the heavenly kingdom.

Amidst these things the aforesaid brother saw all the house perfused with heavenly brightness, and he beheld there a fiery tower from the earth up to the height of heaven, whose brightness was unlike all other, and by its brilliance the sun itself at mid-day,—all its lustre was turned to paleness. And he heard angelic songs through the regions of the air; and all the island was profusely filled with the exceeding sweetness of a wondrous odour.

Thereupon the aforesaid brother was smitten with great fear, went on board a boat, and travelled to the place which the man of God had before bidden him seek; and there he came to Pege, and told her all these things in order as her brother had bidden him. When she heard that her brother was departed, she forthwith fell on the earth and was

filled with great sorrow, so that she could not speak a word. When she presently recovered herself, she drew within from her breast a long sigh, and gave thanks to the Lord for that He would have it so to be.

Then they on the next day, according to the command of the blessed man, came to the island, and they there found all the place and the buildings filled with the sweetness of the herb ambrosia. She then, for three days' space, with holy hymns of praise commended the holy man to God; and on the third day, as the man of God had bidden, they buried the corpse in the church with solemnity.

The divine goodness would openly display to men in how great glory the blessed man was after he was buried; as he erewhile, before the eyes of men, shone and was resplendent with so many miracles. After his death, when he had been buried twelve months, God put it into the heart of the servant of the Lord that she should remove her brother's body to another tomb. She assembled thither many of the servants of God, and mass-priests, and others of ecclesiastical order; and on the same day, on which, twelve months before, the departure of the blessed man took place, they opened the tomb, and there they found the corpse quite sound as it was at first, and as though he were yet living; and in the flexibility of the sinews and in all things, it was much more like a sleeping man than a dead one. Also the garments were of the same newness as when they were first put round the body.

When they who were assembled together saw these things, they were much amazed at what they saw; and they were so smitten with the fear thereof that they could

say nothing. But when Pege, the servant of Christ, beheld it, she was forthwith filled with spiritual joy; and she wound the holy corpse, with praises of Christ's honour, in the other sheet which Ecgbriht the anchorite formerly sent him, when alive, for that same service. Also the coffin they did not put into the earth again, but they set it in a memorable place and an honourable. The place has now since then been honourably distinguished by king Athelbald with manifold buildings, where the victorious body of the holy man spiritually rests: and the man who with all his heart seeks that place, through the intercession of the holy man he shall accomplish and bring out what he desires.

The blessed man Guthlac was a chosen man in divine deeds, and a treasure of all wisdom; and he was steadfast in his duties, as also he was earnestly intent on Christ's service, so that never was aught else in his mouth but Christ's praise, nor in his heart but virtue, nor in his mind but peace and love and piety; nor did any man ever see him angry nor slothful to Christ's service; but one might ever perceive in his countenance love and peace; and evermore sweetness was in his temper, and wisdom in his breast, and there was so much cheerfulness in him, that he always appeared alike to acquaintances and to strangers.

XXI.—Concerning king Athelbald.

After these things Athelbald, the afore-mentioned exile, heard in far lands of the death of the holy man St. Guthlac; for he alone was formerly his refuge and

comfort. Then was he suddenly agitated with sorrow, and went thither to the place where the body of God's servant was, for he hoped that through the holy man God would grant him comfort in his conflict. When he came to the tomb of the holy man, weeping with tears, he thus spake: "My father, lo, thou knowest my miseries, thou wast ever my support in my afflictions; whither shall I now turn myself; who shall comfort me if thou forsakest me?"

After he had with weeping said these things and much else at the tomb, when the hour of night came, he was in a house where he had often abode as a guest whilom when Guthlac was living. Whilst he was in this house, whilst he was turning his thoughts hither and thither in his sorrowful mind, his eyes were at length closed in sleep. Suddenly he woke up in a fright, and there he saw all the cottage filled within with heavenly light. Whilst he was in fear of the unusual sight, he saw the blessed man Guthlac in angelic aspect stand before him, and he spake thus to him: "Thou shalt not be afraid, but be thou steadfast, for God is thy support; and I am therefore come to thee, for that through my intercession God hath heard thy prayer. But be thou not sorrowful, for the days are past of thy afflictions; for ere the sun shall have gone a twelve months' circuit round about, thou shalt wield this kingdom, which thou erewhile didst contend for." And not only did he prophesy to him his future kingdom, but he also related to him completely the length of his life. These signs God wrought through the holy man's merit after he was dead and buried.

XXII.—[How the boatman recovered his sight.]

There was a boatman of the aforesaid exile Althelbald whose eyes had been for twelve months overspread with the white speck and dimness. When his physicians had long treated him with salves, and this no whit effected his healing, he was divinely admonished within that if they brought him to Guthlac's resting-place he should recover his health and sight. Not long after his friends brought him to the place Crowland, and they spoke to Christ's servant Pege; and she was informed of the firm and fast faith of the man. Then she led him to the church wherein the venerable body of Guthlac was; she took some of the hallowed salt which Guthlac himself had formerly hallowed, and wetted it, and dropped it on his eyes; and ere she put a second drop on the second eye he was able to see with that eye, and he readily perceived what there was in the room, and he went home whole and sound.

Be praise and glory and honour to our Lord, and to the blessed man St. Guthlac, world of all worlds, for ever and ever, without end to eternity. Amen.

FATHER THOMAS BURKE, O.P.¹

(1830—1883.)

NICHOLAS ANTHONY BURKE was born in the city of Galway on September 8, 1830, and was baptized on the 10th of the same month, the Feast of St. Nicholas of Tolentino, after whom he was called, the name Anthony being added because of his mother's devotion to that saint. His parents, Walter Burke and Margaret Mac-Donough, were poor in this world's goods, but rich in virtue, and devoted themselves to the training of their children. Walter Burke was a baker by trade, the "Master of the Rolls," as his son used to call him. An ill-natured critic once pronounced Father Burke's sermons to be "flowery." "No wonder I am *floury*," he replied, "was not my father a baker?"

As a child, Nicholas was delicate but full of spirit, and early showed that love of music and power of mimicry which later distinguished him. His fondness for playing pranks and practical jokes more than once got him into trouble, and he received in consequence many severe chastisements from his mother, who regarded such corrective acts as sacred, and always began them with prayer. "Direct, O Lord, our actions, and carry them on by Thy gracious

¹ This biography is mainly based on—(1) *The Life of Father Burke*, by William J. Fitz-Patrick, F.S.A.; (2) *The Inner Life of Father Burke*, by a Dominican Friar of the English Province; (3) *Lectures and Sermons*, by Father Thomas Burke, O.P. (P. M. Haverly, New York).

assistance," she would gravely say to the terror of her delinquent son. "When I saw my mother enter the room, make the sign of the Cross, and solemnly invoke the light of the Holy Ghost to direct her, I knew I could expect no mercy," said Father Burke ; "I never got such a beating as that directed by the Holy Spirit, and I have never forgotten it." At times, by way of variety, the word "*direct*" was changed to "*prevent*." "But it never *did* prevent," adds Father Burke, "down the lash always came."

From his boyhood, Nicholas was wonderfully observant and entered heartily into his studies. He was early sent to school in Galway under Brother Paul O'Connor, of the Brotherhood of St. Patrick. His veneration for this holy man may be gathered from his own words : "Amongst the proudest recollections of my life is that I was monitor in Brother Paul's school, and that month by month I went to him to answer the inquiry, 'whether I had attended my monthly confession and communion,' and how he taught me that next to the God that made me, I should love the old land of my birth."

Thence he was sent to a school kept by Dr. O'Toole, where, owing to his retentive memory and great diligence, he made rapid progress. Some considered that his love of joke and fund of wit were such as to preclude the possibility of a vocation ; but a sound spirit of practical piety underlay his exuberant spirits. Though a wild boy, he knew where to draw the line, and it is not surprising that his more intimate companions were convinced he was destined for the priesthood. "Here now is Father Nicholas for you," his grandmother had exclaimed at his baptism, and that he might eventually be such was his mother's constant prayer.

A severe attack of typhoid fever, at about the age of fourteen, was the crisis in his life. For days the issue was extremely doubtful, and, on recovering, Nicholas determined to devote his remaining years to the service of God alone. It is interesting to learn that the example of Daniel O'Connell had a share in developing his vocation. "He contributed largely to

make a priest of me," Father Burke once said, "for amongst the things that made a deep impression on me as a boy was when I stood in the chapel of Galway to see the great O'Connell coming to eight o'clock Mass in the morning, kneeling amongst us, and receiving Holy Communion, to watch him absorbed in prayer before God; to read almost the grand thoughts that were passing through that pure mind; to see him renewing again before Heaven the vows that bound him to religion and country."

It is also probable that the Irish famine of 1847 helped to fix his mind and heart on the priesthood. The scenes he witnessed deeply impressed his imagination and filled him with serious thoughts. "I have seen," he tells us, "strong men lie down in the streets, and, with ashy lips, murmur a last cry for food, and faint away and die. I have seen the dead infant lying on the breast of the dead mother as she lay by the wayside. I have seen the living infant trying to draw from the breast of the mother who was dead sustenance for its infant life. O God, in Thy mercy, let me never again see such sights! If I were to live a thousand years, never could I banish them from my memory or shut them out from my eyes—no, nor their dire effects. The storm at length passed away, bearing on its wings millions of Irish victims and exiles, and leaving Ireland stunned by the greatness of her ruin. There seemed no hope for the nation. Ruined homesteads, abandoned villages, impoverished towns, workhouses filled to overflowing, prisons crowded with political prisoners, hospitals unable to hold the victims of cholera which came in the wake of war and famine; trade and commerce destroyed, industry paralysed, a population wasted by disease and privation, scarcely able to realize life after such awful contact with death, and crushed by separation from so many loved hearts."

This event and its consequences thus graphically described had, we feel sure, their part in sobering young Burke's mind and fixing his thoughts on the priesthood. From his boyhood he had been under

Dominican influences, and the union of active with contemplative work in that Order attracted him forcibly. The generous sacrifice of his pious parents he thus beautifully describes: "I think of the old woman in Galway who had no one but me, her only son; I think of the old man, bending down towards the grave, with the weight of years upon him; and I think of the poverty that might stare them in the face when their only boy was gone; and yet no tear was shed; no word of sorrow was uttered; but, with joy and pride, they gave up their only son to the God that made him."

Being accepted as a postulant of the Dominican Order, Nicholas started for Perugia in the winter of 1847, passing through Rome and Assisi on the way. He was kindly received by Father Massetti, then Novice-Master, and was clothed "in St. Dominic's white wool" on December 29, 1847, receiving in religion the name of Thomas, after St. Thomas Aquinas, the angelic doctor. Though often "penanced" for breaking the rule of silence and for whistling his favourite Irish airs, he passed admirably through the novitiate as his novice-master attests, "showing himself devout in practices of piety, attentive in choir and the services of the altar. He was ever lively and joyous, and kept his companions cheerful by his healthy conversation and pleasant stories."

During his two years at Perugia, he gained a thorough mastery of Italian. Shortly after his profession in January, 1849, he received minor Orders from Pope Leo XIII., then Bishop of Perugia, and went to the Convent of the Minerva at Rome to begin his studies. He now made his first acquaintance with the *Summa* of St. Thomas, a book that he loved and knew most intimately. "When reading the *Summa*," he said, "one's faith seems lost in vision, so clearly does every point stand out."

In Rome at this time he met Cardinal Wiseman, who was much struck by him. "That young man," he said, "has a wondrous power of inspiring love: he will be a great priest some day."

We must now turn our attention to England, which was soon to be the scene of Father Burke's labours. The English Dominican Province, now resuscitated, became possessed, in October, 1850, of Woodchester Convent, near Stroud, with Father Augustine Procter as prior and novice-master. "Unaccustomed as he had long been, owing to the disturbed state of the Province, to the life of regular observance, Father Procter's ideas of the *régime* adapted to novices were strict in the extreme, in spite of the real kindliness of his externally rugged nature. He himself was an admirable example to all, and kept the rule in all its bare austerity; but his strictness was certainly in excess of that of Santa Sabina in Rome, though the common opinion about it is much exaggerated, and has perpetuated a totally wrong impression of this heroic and saintly man." With a view, therefore, to putting matters into a satisfactory state, the Master-General, Father Jandel, paid a visit of inspection to Woodchester in the August of 1851. "This is all very well," he said, as the result of what he found, "but you are not living according to the spirit of St. Dominic. I will send you a young man from Santa Sabina who is thoroughly competent to expound the constitutions." This "young man" was Brother Thomas Burke, who was now appointed pro-novice-master of the English province.

In 1851, therefore, Brother Burke left Rome for England, "attired more like a smuggler than a friar." The money allowed him for his journey was insufficient, and he reached London penniless. While sitting at Paddington, cold and faint, thinking of Rome and the convent he had left there, a porter, to whom he explained his case, thrust a hunch of bread with a bit of herring under his nose, saying: "Here, poor devil, eat that!" At last he thought of one of the Fathers of the London Oratory, whom he knew slightly, and from whom he received means to finish his journey. The railway did not then, as it does now, go beyond Stonehouse, some miles from Woodchester, and a long walk still awaited him. When

at length he reached the convent, the Prior had retired to rest, and the new-comer was taken for a robber. "Nay, I am Brother Thomas from Rome," he said. The door was then opened, and he entered on his new sphere of work October 4, 1851.

His position was certainly not one to be envied. A young and inexperienced man, sent by the General to mould the community in the ways of regular observance, he was naturally regarded with some suspicion by Father Procter. Both, indeed, loved the rule, but each looked at it from a different point of view. Father Procter aimed at exact observance according to the letter ; Brother Burke, too, aimed at exact observance, but as interpreted by Father Jandel and the advocates of observance abroad. In a word, they did not understand each other.

The young novice-master felt this keenly, but persevered in his task, and met with some measure of success. Though strict with his novices, so that the weekly chapter-of-faults made them tremble, he was loved by them, and they keenly relished his exquisite daily exhortations. "He was quite at home with us," writes one of them, "and seemed to understand us so well, and we revered and loved him in the most genuine manner."

In 1852 Brother Burke was ordained sub-deacon and deacon at Oscott by Bishop Ullathorne, and shortly after went to Galway on a visit to his parents. The tonsure was not then worn in Ireland, and one day as he was standing deacon at High Mass, some one exclaimed, "What a shame to let that young man officiate, just after putting the fever off him !"

On returning to Woodchester he seemed more accustomed to his work and brighter in his spirits. He now began to preach, but his early efforts gave no promise of the future orator. "He wrote out his sermons carefully, word for word, and took great pains in preparing them. He used to preach with his eyes shut, and showed great timidity. He would rehearse his discourse before others, and then ask them what to change, and with childlike docility took their advice."

On Holy Saturday, March 26, 1853, he was ordained priest by Dr. Burgess, Bishop of Clifton, and next day said his first mass at Woodchester. He now took charge of the neighbouring mission of Nympsfield, where great ignorance on religious subjects prevailed. With one farmer in particular he had many a talk, and just as he hoped that some impression was being made, the farmer said, "Yea, friend, but be the Bible true?" Further discussion seemed hopeless.

In addition to this and his work with the novices, Father Burke was still studying theology under Dr. Pozzo, then regent of studies at Woodchester, with a view of taking his degree as "Lector," at the same time reading much general literature. It is said, indeed, that, except when going to class, his theology was rarely seen in his hand, yet he always knew the lesson, having diligently studied the *Summa* in Rome, and at his *Defensio in universâ theologiâ* on August 3, 1854, he acquitted himself admirably.

Before the end of that year, 1854, Dr. Russell, then head of the Irish Dominicans, recalled Father Burke to Ireland, there to found a novitiate and house of studies. He had been only three years at Woodchester, but so deeply had he made his mark, that to this day his very form seems familiar, and time cannot obliterate either his presence or his work.

The Irish novitiate had hitherto been at San Clemente, in Rome, but for many reasons it was advisable to have one in Ireland, and Tallaght, seven miles from Dublin, a place of great historical interest, was chosen for the purpose. Father Burke arrived there early in 1855, to begin a work similar to that which he had so ably accomplished at Woodchester. An admirable description of him at this period is given by Father Power, O.P., one of his novices: "I can never forget," he writes, "the impression his ascetic appearance made upon me as he entered the parlour to greet me and three other postulants for the Order. His tall, graceful, and attenuated figure, his stern, rigid face shaded by the

cowl over his head, his hands folded under his scapular, and the deep, sonorous voice, all presented to my gaze the living image of a vigorous ascetic Dominican. On our way to the novitiate, he turned round to the thinnest lad in the group, and said, 'My boy, we must feed you!' In our recreations he was buoyant and enthusiastic, but no one could be more severe if he saw the least deliberate neglect or violation of rule. Daily he addressed us in homilies on the spiritual life and the spirit of St. Dominic, each of them a masterpiece of touching eloquence."

The neighbourhood of Tallaght at this time was in a state of great spiritual destitution, but Father Burke, by his simple, earnest preaching, but above all by his example, infused fresh life into the place, and before long even daily communicants were to be seen, and a larger ciborium had to be purchased. He preached often, and all felt his power. He was surnamed "Savonarola," and soon began to attract wide attention. In September, 1859, he preached his first famous sermon, on Church music.¹ It was said that an unknown mine had been discovered, and from that day to the end of his life he was ever fulfilling the ministry of preaching.

Of the next five years (1859-1864) there is nothing special to record. He preached frequently and gave many retreats, sometimes even twelve in a year, and in these was heard to especial advantage, for they were marked by an exquisite adaptation to the special needs of those whom he addressed. In 1863 he gave two successful missions in Sheffield and Manchester, and was made Prior of Tallaght. In 1864 the first stone of the new convent at Tallaght was laid, and Father Burke preached on the occasion; but before the end of the year he left for Rome, having been appointed Rector of San Clemente. He quite expected not to preach again for three years, but thought "he would get into the pulpit from time to time, when the church was closed and bawl a bit,

¹ "Music in Catholic Worship": (*Sermons and Lectures*, p. 344).

just for 'auld lang syne,' as he put it." In 1865, however, Cardinal, then Doctor, Manning, was summoned to England to the death-bed of Cardinal Wiseman, in the midst of his course of sermons in the Church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, and Father Burke undertook to complete the course. He also preached the Lenten conferences at Sta. Maria dei Monti and Sta. Maria degli Angeli, in the Corso, and many consider these sermons to be among his best.

Father Mulooly, O.P., was at this time busy with his excavations and discoveries at San Clemente. He and Father Burke were warm friends, and the subterranean church seemed to have an equal interest for them both. Nothing, indeed, gave Father Burke greater pleasure than to show visitors over it. Towards the end of his stay in the Eternal City, he was talked of for the post of Coadjutor Bishop of the Port of Spain. This was the first, but by no means the last, bishopric for which he was proposed, but to his great joy he escaped them all, and lived and died a simple friar. He could already plead ill-health as an excuse, for the painful disease, which at length killed him, had asserted itself.

He returned to Ireland at the end of 1867, and the following year gave a large mission at Lincoln's-inn Fields, in London. His confessional was crowded, and he described the severity of the strain by saying "it wore threadbare two pairs of Blarney cloth garments which he had just bought."

In May, 1869, the remains of Daniel O'Connell were removed to the crypt beneath the tower at Glasnevin, and Father Burke, now at the height of his fame, pronounced the oration on the occasion in the presence of some fifty thousand spectators. It occupied two hours in delivery, and is one of his finest efforts.¹ The moment it was over, without waiting to receive the thanks of all, he hurried to the hospital to attend a poor widow who wished to see him before she died. He walked the hospital wards, eagerly scanning each bed, and was about to

¹ See *Sermons and Lectures*, p. 34.

enter another room, when he heard a feeble voice utter his name. She was so emaciated that he had failed to recognise her. "Father," she said, "I waited for you." He gave her the last Sacraments, and she died in his arms.

The Vatican Council began in 1870, and the Bishop of Dromore selected Father Burke to accompany him as his theologian. While in Rome he preached in Sta. Maria del Populo, and attracted large congregations. Again he was talked of to be Coadjutor Archbishop of San Francisco. It is amusing to find that Father Burke attributed his escape from this dignity to his habit of mimicry. One evening, so the story goes, the Bishop of Dromore deprecated his exuberance of spirits as unworthy of the priestly dignity. "If it were not for this blemish," he said, "there is no distinction to which your talents would not entitle you." Father Burke replied, "I have often heard *you*, my lord, express regret that you had ever been made a bishop. If you had followed my example, and had a little more fun in you, that burthen would never have been laid upon you." The Bishop and his theologian returned to Ireland before the conclusion of the Council, after an absence of seven months. In June, 1870, Father Burke was appointed Sub-prior of St. Saviour's, Dublin, and preached a triduum to celebrate the dogma of the Pope's Infallibility.

The following year (1871) was a specially busy one for him : in the course of it he gave 21 retreats and preached 172 sermons. As each retreat lasted seven days and he preached four times each day, his aggregate amounts to 760 sermons for that one year. In this year, too, he was summoned to Ghent to attend a general Chapter of the Order for the revision of the Constitutions. He was soon to visit the convents of the Order in America, and preached a series of farewell sermons in Dublin, concluding with a visit to his aged parents in Galway, to receive from them what might prove to be a last blessing. His father, indeed, died before he returned.

Father Burke's visit to America constitutes the most

busy and glorious period of his life, and the way he passed through it shows how deep was his grounding both in virtue and in learning. All the past seems but a preparation for it. He expected to be absent only a few weeks, but did not return to Ireland for nearly eighteen months. He purposely selected a vessel with a large number of steerage passengers, and, to their great joy, had free access to them and heard upwards of three hundred confessions on the voyage. He preached to them many times, and being asked to preach to the saloon passengers, accepted only on condition that the steerage should be allowed to be present. Indeed, he spent the greater part of his time with them, cheering the emigrants and encouraging all to be true to the faith in their new home across the Atlantic.

On arriving in America, he worked for some weeks as "visitor" in the convents of Kentucky and Ohio. Though he shrank from all public notice, the country soon rang with the fame of his eloquence, and his name was on the lips of all. In March, 1872, he gave three lectures, and preached the Lenten discourses at the Church of St. Paul in New York. This large edifice was quite unable to hold the crowds that flocked to hear him; labourers going direct from their work, carrying their dinner-cans; merchants coming from business to hear him—in fact people of all classes eagerly waiting until the doors were opened. Four or five hours before a sermon or lecture, every place was filled and the approaches besieged by crowds seeking for admittance. The calls upon him were incessant, and he satisfied all he could, while not neglecting the main object of his visit.¹ One morning two nuns sat in the parlour at St. Vincent Ferrer's, New York, waiting patiently until they could catch Father Burke

¹ In the volume of *Sermon and Lecture*, we have six sermons preached in the month of March, 1872, viz.: "The Catholic Church the Mother of Liberty" (March 3rd), "The Catholic Church, the Mother and Inspiration of Art" (March 10th), "Panegyric of St. Patrick" (March 17th), "The Christian Man the Man of the Day" (March 22nd), "The Groupings of Calvary" (March 24th), "Christ on Calvary" (March 29th).

as he passed out. At last he came, hurried and pressed, and could only say : " No, no, Sister, I cannot do it." They burst into tears and said : " Well, it is the will of God, but we are very poor." Father Burke at once replied, " There, that will do, Sister, I will try to manage it." And of course he *did*.

An amusing anecdote is told of a difficulty he had in giving one of his lectures in New York. There was a private door to the platform of the lecture-hall, but Father Burke, forgetting this, tried to make his way through the crowd at the main entrance. After being jostled about for some time, he got hemmed in between some pillars and a big Irishwoman. At length he said : " My good woman, will you let me get past you ?" " Don't bother me," was the reply ; " are *you* better than any one else ?" " Well," said Father Burke, " there won't be any lecture if I can't get in ; I'm Father Burke." " *You*, Father Burke," she exclaimed disdainfully, giving him a thrust with her elbow, " go to the devil !"

The strain of overwork was beginning to tell upon him, and in the summer of 1872 an attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs necessitated a period of rest. For many weeks past, he had frequently preached three times in one day, and in churches some distance apart. " Tired is not the word," he had to confess in describing his state ; " I can only compare my case to Ned Burke's dog during the famine : they had to support his back at the wall to enable him to bark." But his rest was a short one, and in September he addressed at Boston an audience of 40,000 people, the largest ever assembled in the New World. He also visited St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, and many other towns. In New Orleans he gave four lectures and a most successful mission. So large were the congregations, that he had to address them in the open air from the steps of the Cathedral. Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm. The people of the New World appreciated him to the full, and he himself said he could never speak elsewhere as in America. " In Columbia I am a free man, and will speak my soul."

But his greatest achievement was yet to come. Mr. Froude had arrived in America to give the lectures embodied in his work: *The English in Ireland*. He had come, as he said, to appeal to an American jury for a verdict in justification of England's occupation of Ireland, and of her administration of the affairs of that country. Had he been successful or unopposed, the result would have been to sow dissension between Anglo and Irish Americans. Yet to refute him was no easy task, and there was nobody in the country equal to it. Mr. Froude had a brilliant reputation: he was bold, plausible, and a consummate master of English style. Moreover he came with his lectures already composed, having had both leisure and resources for their preparation. Father Burke, who was asked to undertake the reply, had little time for preparation and only such books as were lent him, and was, moreover, sadly out of health. "I have no books here," he said, "and no time to get up the subject." A friend gave him the run of a well-stocked library, and for some days Father Burke devoted himself to this unexpected task, and then felt ready for the fray.

The issue must be briefly told. Public opinion was excited, and the result of the controversy watched with interest by all. In five lectures Father Burke ably and courteously refuted Mr. Froude and vindicated Ireland's claim to the sympathy of all lovers of freedom. The lectures were delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, in the month of November, 1872, to audiences of five thousand people. And now the ovations with which Father Burke was everywhere received, reached the ears of the Vicar-General of the Dominicans, Father Sanvito,¹ and he, fearing for the humility of his subject, bade him return to Ireland. During his stay of eighteen months in America, besides performing his duty as "visitor," Father Burke had given four hundred lectures, ex-

¹ Father Jandel died in 1872, while Father Burke was in America. Father Burke held him in great veneration and undertook to preach at a *Requiem* sung for him at New Orleans, but was too ill to do so.

clusive of sermons, the proceeds of which amounted to nearly £80,000, and were devoted to relieve churches and convents from debt, and to endow charities and hospitals. He loved America and felt at home with its people. "If ever a voice," he said, "shall tell me to return into your midst, it will fall most welcome upon my ears. I recognise the greatness of a priest's mission in this land—to work with such men as surround me here. How joyfully would I lend myself and my labours to the building up in this land of a glorious future for Catholic Irishmen."

On the 7th of March, 1873, he reached Ireland, and was received with enthusiasm. The people knew and valued his work on their behalf in America, and hailed him with gratitude. The town officials, clergy, and chief inhabitants of Queenstown went to receive him, and as he stepped ashore a tremendous cheer arose, which was followed by an address. Father Burke was quite overcome, and, having knelt to receive the blessing of Dr. Russell, O.P., rose to reply. "I suppose," he said, "I am expected to say something." Here his voice faltered and tears rolled down his cheeks. After a few moments of silence he resumed: "I can't say anything. Don't ask me—for God's sake, don't ask me! I am in the presence of Him at whose altar I serve. I have reached the land I have been longing for. I can say no more." Thus closed his American career—a time of triumph indeed, but of hard, incessant work, and he returned much broken in health, to face ten more years of toil and pain.

We may pause here to take a closer view of Father Burke's inner life and character, which deserve a careful study. We are attempting a difficult task, for his inner life was so many-sided that few knew him fully, and "his deeper thoughts he gave to heaven."

The world may speak of Father Burke as a good theologian, an eloquent preacher, a brilliant conversationalist, a wonderful mimic, but those who knew him best and cherish his memory with affection, love to remember him as a saintly priest and a

true religious. Herein lay the secret of his success and vast influence for good; by this he was protected from any harm arising from the praise which men so lavishly bestowed upon him: and this is the side of his character that has been much kept out of sight. He put before himself a high ideal of his vocation, and daily strove to live up to it. Never did he preach more beautifully than at clothings of novices or when treating of the religious life and state. "How careful must be the training of the Levites," he said, "whose feet are to tread in the sanctuary and whose hands are to touch the Lord. The priest must be the Church's champion and defender, her true knight, her faithful and loving spouse. No man is so consecrated to his fellow-men as the priest, because he comes to them with a consecration from God. There is no man upon whom the people can rely as they can upon the priest; for, no matter what pestilence may hover in the midst of them, every man may fly, the priest alone must not, dare not, cannot fly, because he is sold to God and to his neighbour. His life is a God-like life: his profession is an angelic profession."

"I never saw him," writes Bishop Brownlow, "out of his religious habit, *and to me he was always the Dominican friar first of all*. His wit, his varied information, his marvellous powers as a linguist, his exquisite taste and tact, his intense delight in music and poetry, all these seemed to me to be in him perfectly subordinated to his character as a priest and a monk." Speaking of Tallaght, which grew under his hand, Father Burke said: "What I have been quietly aiming at all along is to make this convent *a place of holiness and learning*, for prayer is the most necessary of all things for a priest." His whole life portrayed the truth of the saying, "We must practise before we preach." "All the preaching that ever yet was spoken," he said, "never convinced a single man, never converted a single soul, never made one Christian, unless the man who spoke was a living illustrator of the word." His exact observance of the strict rule of his Order was most marked and con-

stant. No matter how fatigued, he was always present at early Matins, and lazy rising he considered the cause of half the tepidity in the world. He never omitted his morning meditation, and used to say that, if faithful to this, we should enjoy all other duties and pleasures twice as much. In a word, "we may take him as a model of what a religious ought to be—humble, obedient, patient, forbearing, kind, and a lover of his rule."

Perhaps the most striking of Father Burke's virtues was his deep humility, with its never-failing companion, simplicity. It was the virtue he loved most, and specially strove to instil into his novices. Knowing that it was exposed to great danger, he ever kept its necessity before his mind, sought eagerly for opportunities of practising it, and indeed devoted his whole life to its attainment. He keenly realized that if he built on his fame and the passing praises of the hour, his spiritual fabric would crumble to ruin. Of his great sermons he spoke as "mere thunder and turf," and, though as a rule badly reported in the papers, never troubled to revise or correct them. His humility it was that chiefly impressed those with whom he came in contact. "Though praised on all sides," writes one, "I never saw a more completely humble man. In no one could a contempt of this world and its honours have been more deeply rooted." He would read over his sermons to his novices and say, "Will that do?" On his way to the pulpit he would request a few "Hail Marys," that "he might not make a fool of himself." He had the greatest dislike of hearing his sermons praised. A nun once ventured to do so, and he gravely replied, "Are you not afraid to tell me that?" and to another who expressed pleasure at one of his discourses he said, "The devil told me that three times already." "Be as humble as a door-mat and as pliable as porridge," was his advice to one about to enter the religious state. His last act at night was to kneel at the prior's knee to obtain his blessing. His religious brethren, who knew him best, testify to his complete self-abnega-

tion, and say the one thing that could bring a cloud to his face was to single him out in any way for distinction.

His obedience, too, was most remarkable. In one of his retreats he said, "The truly obedient religious can say at Judgment: 'Lord, the sins committed before profession, by it have been effaced, and since, acting under obedience, I am not responsible for my actions,' and Christ will close the book and say, 'Thou art right; for thee there is no judgment.'"

His spirit of mortification is shown in part by his careful observance of the rule of his Order, though other instances are not wanting. Often he would preach for over an hour in Dublin, and then return to Tallaght without any refreshment, that he might observe the fast of the Order. He was very fond of smoking, and to smoke would have eased the agonizing pain he suffered towards the end of his life; but for five years before his death he never allowed himself even this indulgence.

It need hardly be said that to Our Blessed Lady and the Rosary he had a special devotion. Three "Hail Marys" formed the immediate preparation for his sermons, and never did he preach more touchingly than on Mary's dignity and prerogatives. There was a ring in his voice, a pathos in his tone, when he spoke of "the holy Mother of God," which made all feel that she was indeed his Mother and he her devoted client. We cannot refrain from quoting the beautiful climax to one of his sermons on the Immaculate Conception: "O Mother mine; O Mother of the Church of God; O Mother of all nations; O Mother who kept the faith in Ireland, that through temptation and suffering never lost her love for Thee—I hail thee! As thou art in heaven to-night, clothed with the sun of Divine justice, with the moon reflecting all earthly virtues beneath thy feet, upon thy head a crown of twelve stars, God's brightest gift, I hail thee, O Mother!" And speaking of the Rosary, he said, "I could sleep

* See *Sermons and Lectures*, p. 285.

without the least fear on the crater of Vesuvius, if I had Our Lady's rosary in my hands." His beads were never from his side by day, he wore them round his neck at night, and it was a common saying among his novices, "There goes Father Burke with his stick and his rosary." His last words before he died were, "Help of Christians, pray for us."

To the crucifix also he had a tender devotion. There was at Tallaght a very beautiful Spanish crucifix. Father Burke, shortly before his death, showed it to a friend, saying, "When my pain is very bad I crawl down here and stand before it, and look at it, and say to myself, 'What are my sufferings compared with His?'" It was from this source and from his great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, before which he would remain for hours in prayer, that he drew his wonderful patience under suffering. Often at recreation with his novices, while narrating some amusing story, he was seized with violent pain, and from the expression of his face one would imagine a sword were piercing his body, yet no word of complaint was heard, and when he recovered a little he would say, "Oh, thanks be to Thee, my God," and then make some quaint remark that made every one laugh.

No truer portrait, however, of Father Burke can be given than he himself has furnished in speaking of Cardinal Cullen. "Amidst all the high duties and praises that surrounded him, the man of God still remained the gentle, meek, humble ecclesiastic. Learning in him, vast though it was, awoke no spirit of intellectual pride; honours aroused no complacency or ambition; injuries stirred up no anger or revenge. Devoted still to constant prayer, fasting, and mortifying his senses, he not only retained the purity of his soul, the simplicity and truthfulness of his spirit, the manliness and honesty of his character; but continued to grow daily in the love of God, in death to self, in humility, gentleness, and meekness. Labour and toil he cheerfully accepted; honours and dignities he as carefully put away from him."

He had a great love for children, and seemed perfectly at home with them. Often he was found amusing them and sharing their play. "I am always happy," he said, "when I am with a little child." The poor, too, had a great attraction for him, and he considered the soundest piety was to be found amongst them. In accepting invitations to preach he always gave preference to the poorer parishes, and has been known to preach for a poor mountain-parish, when a neighbouring prelate vainly wished for him in his cathedral. He dearly loved holy poverty, and said his mission was for the poor.

As a director of souls he was somewhat strict, but his confessional was always crowded. He had a special influence over men, and decided vocations with an insight well-nigh prophetic. He was at once *en rapport* with his penitents. He buoyed them up with his own buoyancy of heart, turned their thoughts away from themselves, filled the diffident with confidence, introduced thoughts of heaven and aspirations after God in so genial and natural a way that virtue became attractive to those who had before shrunk from it, and religion seemed full of cheerfulness and joy when spoken of by one who was himself so cheery and joyous.

It was, however, by his retreats that he specially drew souls to God and left lasting impressions for good. The object of a retreat is thus beautifully stated by him: "You have come here to hear what you are, what your destinies are, what are the designs of the God who made you, and by what means you are to fulfil the grand purpose for which you have been created. You have come to resolve, with the blessing of God, to rise in thought, in hope, in desire, aye, and in the very practice of life, to all that God intends you to be."

We are indebted to Bishop Brownlow for this account of one of Father Burke's retreats:—"My recollections of Father Burke," he writes, "date from October, 1864, when he gave a retreat of ten days to the students of the English College, Rome. I have got the notes of that retreat now. It was admirable in

arrangement, solid in its matter, clear and precise in its theology—every point resting on a definition of St. Thomas—full of happy and telling quotations from Holy Scripture, and every now and then a burst of tender piety, or an appeal to every noble and generous sentiment in the young clerics whom he was addressing. Sometimes, if he saw us looking drowsy in the afternoons, he would cheer us up and rivet our attention by some anecdote or graphic sketch of incidents, that might happen to us in our future priestly life. Some thought his ideal of the life of a priest too highly pitched, but it was what he had set before himself, and he could hold up no lower model to those whom he directed." Indeed, the only thing he really valued was a beautiful soul, and by no process are souls so truly or so quickly adorned with virtue as by a retreat. Here, then, was his opportunity, and he used it to the full.

By letters he exercised but little influence, for he was a bad correspondent, never wrote long letters, and seldom wrote any. We could wish he had written more, and it is strange that a man of such power and zeal for souls should have thus neglected a means of doing good, which holy men and women have at all times abundantly employed.

In stature Father Burke was tall and slim. His thick, black hair surmounted a dark, sun-stained face, with features eloquent of strength and power.

"Lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His look composed and steady eye
Bespoke a matchless constancy."

He possessed a joyous, pure, and noble spirit, simple, unaffected, and sincere. In manner he was winning, frank, and genial, with a flow of pleasant conversation that was wise and witty by turns. The more he was known the better was he loved. He was always cheerful, and could not endure melancholy faces. "There is no law," he said, "that the pious should be dull. We can be Sankeymonious without being Moody." Nothing could put him out

of temper, and his indescribable *bonhomie* enabled him to parry thrusts most good-naturedly and effectively. Once on a journey he had as fellow-passengers a Methodist minister with his wife. The former began laboriously to prove that St. Patrick was a Protestant. Father Burke heard him out patiently, and then said: "Well, well, to think I never heard of that before! But tell me, was St. Patrick ever known to travel with his wife?" His method of conveying rebukes, too, was sweetened by his kindness of heart. He once met a man in a train who frequently produced a bottle from his pocket and drank freely from it. It was clear he would shortly become a disagreeable companion, and so the next time the bottle appeared, Father Burke said: "Your mother must have died very early, sir." The man looked at him with astonishment, and he continued, "for it is plain you were brought up by the bottle." Every one in the carriage laughed heartily, and the bottle was seen no more. At the end of the journey the man thanked Father Burke, saying he had never before reached his destination sober.

Father Burke's fund of anecdotes, his repartees, and power of mimicry were remarkable, but in all there was nothing that could offend against charity, and in an instant he could be serious and turn his attention to important work. He knew well that "all things have their season"; that "there is a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance" (Eccl. iii. 4). But his thoughts seemed all absorbed by love for his fellow-creatures; and these outbursts of mirth were only one means employed for this end.

His mother had a place all to herself in his heart. "My mother, the old convent in Galway, and the first dawnings of my vocation," he said, "are built up in my soul together: the first 'my mother,' the most intimate and endearing of all." On his return from America, he said: "I am going to Galway to see the best of mothers." We have seen how carefully she trained him as a child, how gladly she gave

him to God ; and when he was at the height of his fame she daily said her Rosary that he might not be injured by success but retain his humility. "Never mind them, Nicholas, my son," she would exclaim, as laudatory passages about him were read to her from the paper, "they would say the same of any blackguard that came round."

Hand in hand with love of home and parents, went his love for his country. He was proud of Ireland, and knew her history and sorrows intimately. "The master passion of my heart, after the love I have for God and my religion, is my love for Ireland," and among his finest lectures are those descriptive of her national music and poetry.¹ At the end of his famous panegyric of St. Patrick, after telling how Ireland had clung bravely to the Faith through ages of bitter persecution, he thus speaks : "This glorious testimony to God and to His Christ is thine, O holy and venerable land of my birth and of my love ! O glory of earth and heaven, to-day thy great Apostle looks down upon thee from his high seat of bliss, and his heart rejoices ; to-day the angels of God rejoice over thee, for the light of sanctity which still beams upon thee ; to-day thy troops of virgin and martyr saints speak thy praises in the high courts of heaven. And I, O mother, far away from thy green bosom, hail thee from afar—as the prophet of old beholding the fair plains of the promised land—and proclaim this day that there is no land so fair, no spot on earth to be compared to thee, no island rising out of the wave so beautiful as thou ; that neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars of heaven, shine down upon anything so lovely as thee, O Erin."²

Before treating of Father Burke as a preacher,

¹ "The History of Ireland as told in her ruins" ; "The Supernatural Life, the absorbing life of the Irish people" ; "The National Music of Ireland" ; "The Exiles of Erin" ; "The Irish People in relation to Catholicity"—these, with the lectures in refutation of Mr. Froude, are given in the volume of *Sermons and Lectures*.

² Delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, March 17, 1872 (*Sermons and Lectures*, p. 33).

some minor points may be briefly noticed. By nature he was highly gifted. He had a very retentive memory, and was able to recite the entire Psalter by heart, rarely using his Breviary for the offices *de communi* or of the dead. He possessed also a great gift for languages. Dominican Fathers of the Minerva at Rome tell how he would recount the "Arabian Nights" in felicitous Latin to them during recreation. "I puzzled them with two Italian versions of the 'House that Jack built,'" he once said. He was intensely musical, and had a resonant, sympathetic, mellow voice, which he managed so well that not a word was lost in the largest building. For years he sang the Passion on Good Friday most beautifully, and said it would not seem like Good Friday unless he did so. He had also a turn for poetry, though he wrote but little, confining himself mainly to translating the Church's hymns.¹ He was a man of wide reading, and his strong memory enabled him to use fully the stores of information thus acquired. His favourite secular writers were Dickens and Shakespeare. He seemed to know the latter's best plays by heart, and would delight his brethren in religion by not merely repeating but acting them. In preparing his sermons his chief helps were the works of St. Thomas, Father Segneri, and Cardinal Newman, for whom he had a great love and reverence, though they never met. He was also very fond of the works of Father Faber. "What a charm there is," he said, "in everything Father Faber writes!"

In treating of Father Burke as a preacher, we must rely on the testimony of others, for it was never our privilege to hear him. His preaching was the full flow of an apostolic soul, having *persuasiveness* as its chief feature. One felt gradually drawn to adopt the preacher's views, as the only ones compatible

¹ None of these have been printed, and, beyond the volume of *Sermons and Lectures* and the sermon on St. Ignatius, his only published work is his graceful preface to Père Monsabré's *True and False Devotion* (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son). These two great preachers met at Ghent and became close friends.

with truth and good sense. He went straight to a fixed end, and all the road was a track of light. No one could excel him in his power of winning the assent of the conscience and convincing the judgment. Except for his early efforts, he never used a manuscript in preparing a sermon, nor spent many minutes in considering how he would treat his subject. Given a few leading thoughts, all else seemed clear. His immediate preparation was to go to confession, when possible, "simply," as he said, "to keep himself straight"; and so numerous were his discourses and so great the calls upon his time that often he preached with hardly a moment's preparation. "On what would you wish me to preach?" he once said, just before ascending the pulpit. "On perseverance," was the reply, and at once he complied with the request. He preferred the altar-steps to the pulpit, as giving him more freedom. In speaking, he never seemed in a hurry, nor imagined that his audience could be so. Gracefully he rolled forth his sentences, then paused, and leisurely resumed his discourse, which needed this composure to do justice to its nobility of conception and expression. His hearers seemed to *feel* the refreshing power of the stream of thought that rose to his lips from the deep reservoirs of his heart and mind. He touched nothing that he did not adorn. "I listened to his words," writes Miss Rosa Mulholland, "as to a new revelation of beauty and holiness. Colour and vividness were given to half-hidden truths; dusty old facts were clothed with extraordinary splendour; the meanings and purposes of religion took a rich roundness of contour and filled the mind; while the selfish motives and teaching of the world withered into obscurity and ignominy. People came away with Christ's kingdom shining in their hearts, and feeling as if a rare and beautiful picture had been studied, or a rich and original poem had been read, of which the theme was old and familiar, but the imagery, the colour, the music and vigour were new." His tone of reverence in speaking of sacred things, the compassion with which he yearned to help the needy, the fond

entreaty with which he strove to win back the erring, the authority with which he pronounced the Church's doctrines, all were remarkable. Every gesture was dramatic, and not only the tongue and lips spoke, but the eyes and limbs also, so that one said, "If I were deaf I would still go to his sermons." His beautiful voice was a great aid, while its charm gained a unique quality from the musical brogue of his mother-tongue.

Cardinal Manning, who said that Father Burke had the grandest talent a man can possess, namely, that of "popularizing theology," has left this testimony to his preaching. Writing after Father Burke's death, he says: "And now we shall no more hear that eloquent voice, eloquent because so simple, for in all he spoke for God. He remembered God and forgot himself. It was the eloquence not of study or self-manifestation, but of a great soul filled with God and speaking for God. The whole man spoke, and yet in the pathos and beauty and light of what he spoke we never remembered the speaker. He concealed himself, as it were, and therefore moved and swayed the hearts of those who heard him."

But to resume our narrative. The last ten years of Father Burke's life were years of unremitting toil, of constant pain, of frequent preaching, but marked by no striking incident. In 1873, after his return from America, he preached often in Dublin and in Cork, also at the dedication of Armagh Cathedral, and at the opening of St. Dominic's, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It was proposed to make him Coadjutor Archbishop of Trinidad, but again he escaped the dignity. Though suffering acutely from an aggravated form of hernia, he worked unceasingly, and his list of engagements showed one at least for every day, fully ten months in advance.

In July, 1875, he wrote during a short rest in Galway: "I have been ailing much since January, but managed to preach the Lent in Dublin, though always in pain, and staying in bed almost every day till evening. After Easter I gave a retreat in Cork, preaching three sermons a day, and that finished me.

I came down to Galway in April, and after a month of great suffering, finding myself no better, went to Dublin, and was attended by the three first physicians of the city. They found me suffering from internal ulceration and inflammation of the mucous membrane, but had hopes of my recovery. Long and perfect rest, with proper food and medicine, will, they say, bring me through the present crisis. I feel myself that, with God's help, I shall recover." But his progress was slight, if any, and in January, 1876, he wrote from Tallaght : "I am, they tell me, getting better : I don't feel it, but suppose it is all right. The life here suits me : quiet, silence, Gregorian chant *ad libitum*, and reading. Of course prayer comes in under each head. I preach here on festivals to a delightful congregation of rustics. It does not injure me a bit." His superiors, alarmed at his state, urged him to pay a short visit to Rome. He accordingly went, but though he revived somewhat on the way, was for some weeks unable to see the many friends who called upon him. "Father Mulooly," he said, "is trying to keep me alive, but in three months I shall be under the sod." He soon returned to Ireland, and his answer to an invitation to preach, shows how little his health had improved. "If I am able, I will preach for your poor children, but I must be much stronger than I am now. I am afraid to undertake anything, as it is a day up and a day down with me at present." His doctor, said to him : "Three years will be the extent of your life. Do all the good you can in that time." His respites from pain were few. Once he said : "I have been three days without pain. I don't know myself or feel right without it. I think I must pray for a little." At Christmas of this year (1876) he preached a course of sermons in Dublin, and the degree of Doctor of Divinity was sent to him from Rome. In 1877, in spite of continued bad health, he preached often in Dublin, also at Kircubbin, Belfast, Achoney, Glasgow, Cork, Clonliffe, Drogheda, and Kilbeggan, besides giving some retreats. He also preached at the consecration of Dr. McCabe as

Assistant Bishop of Dublin. "I was in such agony the whole time," he said, "that I could have thrown myself from the pulpit. I felt as though I stood upon a bucket, and that the Angel of Death was about to kick it aside"; and then he added in his happiest vein: "That reminds me of a tiny preacher who always stood on something of the kind to enable his flock to see him. He was giving his text, 'In a little time you shall see Me, and in a little time you shall not see Me,' when lo! the bottom fell out, and the preacher was lost to sight."

Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, and a great friend of Father Burke, died in the November of this year, and Father Burke preached his funeral oration at Killarney, and finished the year's work by delivering the Advent sermons in St. Saviour's, Dublin.

Again in 1878 he was busy preaching in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Galway, Newry, Youghal, Bray, Fermoy, Drogheda, Kingscourt, and Waterford, besides two discourses on Pope Pius the Ninth, who died this year. There was prospect of his being raised to the episcopate of Galway, and priests and people alike were anxious to have him as their bishop, but he begged off, saying: "If, as a friar, I am not able to discharge my duties, how much more unfit would I be to perform those of a bishop?"

In 1879, he seemed for a time to take a fresh lease of life, but was suddenly stricken down by his disease, and for three months confined to his room. To a friend who visited him, he said: "I do not remember to have spent a happier time." An operation was performed and showed him to be suffering from a long sinuous ulcer. A rest at Kingstown gave him strength for a journey to Galway, to assist his aged mother on her deathbed. But his pain continued with great severity. "Are you suffering now?" one asked him. "Yes, indeed," was the reply, "it is my constant companion." Still he wished to die in harness, and went to Cork to give a retreat. He gave many retreats about this time, but did not preach so often in public.

In the July of 1880 he preached his famous ser-

mon, "St. Ignatius and the Jesuits," at Farm Street, London. "With great pleasure I will preach;" he wrote in answering the invitation, "to do so will gratify an unsatisfied desire of my heart." The Jesuit Fathers declared that this sermon threw fresh light on the history and work of their founder, and wisely urged its publication.¹

So busy had Father Burke been in helping others, that the church at Tallaght had been neglected. But in 1882, the General of the Dominicans ordered him to replace "the old outhouse and barn" by a proper building, and he at once took steps in this direction. In March of this year he wrote: "I am up to my eyes in business connected with the new church and in great and constant pain, so that I have to spend more than half my time in bed." Somehow but little advance was made, and in May he again wrote: "Very badly does it progress; I fear that, sick as I am, I must go to America again." However, on October the 1st, the corner-stone of the new church was laid, and Father Burke preached on the occasion. Though suffering "in every nerve and fibre except his eyebrows," as he said, he preached at the enthronement of Cardinal McCabe, also a panegyric on St. Paul of the Cross, and sermons at Dundrum, Lanark, Glasgow, Swords, Salford, and Liverpool.

We now come to the last year of his life (1883). He was again Prior of Tallaght, and in February was to have preached in Dublin on behalf of its new church, but was too ill to do so. In April, after preaching and lecturing in Liverpool, he went for a short time to Rome, but returned to Tallaght in May.

The new Dominican church at Haverstock Hill, London, was to be opened on May 31st, and Father Burke had promised to preach on the occasion. He determined to do so, though warned it might cost him his life. "I will go even if I die on the

¹ *St. Ignatius and the Jesuits*, a Sermon preached in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, Farm Street, London, on the 31st of July, 1880, by Father Thomas Burke, O.P. (London, Burns and Oates).

way," he said. "My Fathers in England will know then that I had at least the will to help them." Five times during the week of the opening did he occupy the pulpit, rising from his bed each time to do so. His life seemed to hang by a thread. "I have felt ill for years," he said, "but never as I do now. I don't think I shall get over this. Well, perhaps it is natural that as I began my priestly life in England, I should also end it there." To one of the Fathers who pointed out the great number of panes in one of the windows, he replied: "I tell you there are not nearly as many panes in that window as in my poor body." On the Sunday in the octave of the opening he preached twice, in the morning on the conversion of sinners, in the evening on the Blessed Sacrament. "Say a 'Hail Mary' that I may succeed," he said to one of the Fathers, "I have not a word prepared." And after the sermon, he added: "I felt quite proud that I could put two sentences together without breaking down. It is just as if a red-hot knife were twisting about in my side." Yet never had he preached more beautifully. "I fear you are very ill," a friend said to him. "I am always ill," he replied, "but like a sick cat, I can still mew."

Indeed his disease was among the most agonizing known to medical men. "I do not know," his doctor said, "how he can endure it. But when you tell me that he goes about preaching, I am more than astonished—it is a miracle."

"Yet all the time I was with him," writes Father Procter, O.P., "I never heard him complain once. When seized with the pains, his features became pinched, and his whole frame convulsed, but the only word that escaped his lips was the ejaculation, 'My Jesus, mercy.' He was much disturbed because I would not let him say his office. One day he appealed to the doctor and asked to be allowed to say it: and he prevailed, the doctor allowing him 'to say a little at a time.' When the doctor had gone, the patient laughed at me in triumph and said: 'Ah, you old Saxon, you thought you would get your own way as your countrymen have done for so many

centuries, but I *did* you. Give me my breviary, please, and don't argue against me again in that sneaky way.' He was too ill to joke much, but when for a moment free from pain, would tell me a comic story. One day he sat up in bed and began to sing, and then said : 'Well, that is a sign I am better ; I was never so quiet in my life as I have been during these days. See if I don't give a *séance* in honour of my nurse before I leave for Ireland, positively the last appearance of Father Burke.' "

He was glad to get back to Tallaght in June, for he loved Ireland and wished to die there. The new church was not progressing, and he felt this keenly. "Not a farthing is coming in," he writes ; "as I feel a little better, I intend to make some effort to get money for the building." But only once was he able to leave his bed after arriving home. A touching appeal to preach on behalf of 5,000 starving children of Donegal had been made to him, and he longed to comply, but was so weak and racked with pain, that he felt the task an impossible one. Three times the pen fell from his hand as he was about to decline, and bethought himself of the starving little ones of the poor of Jesus Christ, while a voice kept saying to him, "What is one life compared to that of five thousand ? "

Accordingly he undertook the sermon. Brother Joseph, his constant companion, went with him from Tallaght to Dublin, and feared he would die on the way. On arriving at St. Francis Xavier's, Gardiner Street, Father Burke said to the porter : "This will be my last sermon. Let me into this room and be sure you send no one to me." His state of agony was manifest to all as he mounted the steps of the pulpit. He took for his text the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, and as he began to speak, a thrill passed through all present, and the fascination of his tongue was felt once more. "One short week," he said, "then Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday pass by, on Thursday the grave opens and these little ones must perish, unless aid be given."

"Who that was present," writes Judge O'Hagan,

"can forget that closing scene, when, with bent and broken form and faltering footstep, Father Burke ascended the pulpit to plead the cause of the starving children? Never in the brightest days of his career were his words more tender and impressive. But every feature told of the approaching end. He had gathered together what remains of life and fire were left within him, to do this last act of charity and pity."

On the way home the carriage had to be stopped three times owing to the severity of his pain. He kept on ejaculating, "Jesus, have mercy on me." Then he said, "Say the Rosary, and I will answer as well as I can."

Fresh physicians were called in, but to no avail, and death could not now be far distant. For Father Burke it had no terrors. "Thank God," he said, "I have lost all physical fear of death. I feel the weight of my sins and infirmities more than ever, and have, if possible, a greater fear of the judgment of God, but all dread of death itself has gone. Oh, won't the exchange be beautiful, won't it be lovely when the end comes!" Some time before he had said: "The fervent soul is rejoiced at the approach of death. She fears God, but loves Him still more. We should always live in the presence of death: we should frequently offer our lives to God in expiation for our sins, accepting death in spirit as to its time, place, and manner. As good religious, our life should be a daily death. Oh, may we die a death of perfect conformity to our vows! May we die in Thee, O Jesus, and in Thee, perfectly poor, being stripped of all things; chaste, by the pain and mortification of every member of Thy sacred Body; and above all may we die a death of obedience like Thee, who wast 'obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.'"

For some days, Father Burke lingered on in great agony. "On Sunday, July 1st, the morning before his death, he received for the last time the sacraments of Holy Church. It was most touching to hear the aspirations of love and faith, which he uttered as the ciborium was uncovered. In accents that be-

tokened his lively faith, he would every moment say, 'O my Lord and my God!' 'O my dear Lord.' And then turning to the Father Sub-Prior and his devoted children, who knelt around the bedside of their dying Father, he asked, in words of deep humility, their pardon, as well as that of all the members of the Order, and of all whom he might have offended. During the day, a faint hope comforted us that the danger might pass away, but, as the shades of evening began to fall, we learned that the end was fast drawing near. His agony increased with every stroke of the clock, his expressions of faith, hope, and charity growing stronger in proportion as his heart grew weak. About three o'clock in the morning of Monday, July 2nd, rapid knocks sounded on the doors of our cells, and a brother entering exclaimed—'To the Prior's cell!' All was over; our Father had gone to join the angelic choir. The consciousness of his eternal happiness calmed our sorrow. Yet the scene was penetratingly sad, for there lay the remains of one whom we loved as a father."

Such, in the beautiful words of a Dominican Father, was the death of Father Burke on Monday, July 2, 1883, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

For two days the body lay in state and was visited by thousands. The funeral, though honoured by a great concourse of bishops, priests, and laity, was conducted with the simplicity that Father Burke loved so much. The completion of the church at Tallaght was rightly deemed the most fitting monument to his memory, and among the first subscribers were the children of Donegal, for whom, when starving, Father Burke had so nobly pleaded.

May the life and virtues of this holy son of St. Dominic, his humility, his spirit of penance, his zeal for souls, be reproduced in the priests of all lands! May the lessons he so eloquently and so constantly taught be manifest in the lives of all children of the Church! And may this brief sketch have its humble share in making him better known and more truly loved!